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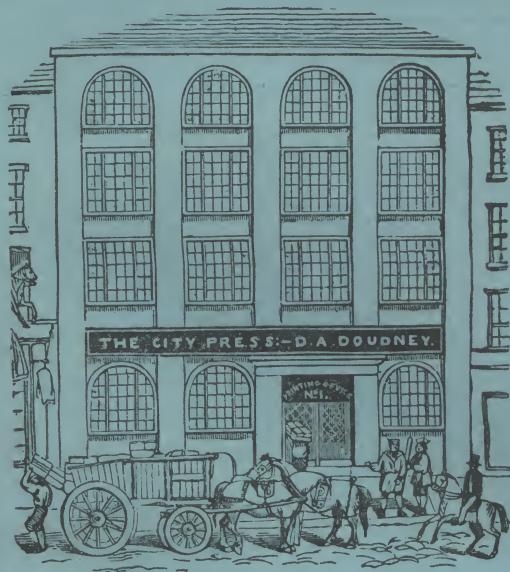
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
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CHAPTER IX.

TOWN AND TODGERS'S.

SURELY there never was, in any other borough, city, or hamlet in the world, such a singular sort of a place as Todgers's. And surely London, to judge from that part of it which hemmed Todgers's round, and hustled it, and crushed it, and stuck its brick-and-mortar elbows into it, and kept the air from it, and stood perpetually between it and the light, was worthy of Todgers's, and qualified to be on terms of close relationship and alliance with hundreds and thousands of the odd family to which Todgers's belonged.

You couldn't walk about in Todgers's neighbourhood, as you could in any other neighbourhood. You groped your way for an hour through lanes and bye-ways, and court-yards and passages; and never once emerged upon anything that might be reasonably called a street. A kind of resigned distraction came over the stranger as he trod those devious mazes, and, giving himself up for lost, went in and out and round about, and quietly turned back again when he came to a dead wall or was stopped by an iron railing, and felt that the means of escape might possibly present themselves in their own good time, but that to anticipate them was hopeless. Instances were known of people who, being asked to dine at Todgers's, had travelled round and round it for a weary time, with its very chimney-pots in view; and finding it, at last, impossible of attainment, had gone home again with a gentle melancholy on their spirits, tranquil and uncomplaining. Nobody had ever found Todgers's on a verbal direction, though given within a minute's walk of it. Cautious emigrants from Scotland or the North of England had been known to reach it safely by impressing a charity-boy, town-bred, and bringing him along with him; or by clinging tenaciously to the postman; but these were rare exceptions, and only went to prove the rule that Todgers's was in a labyrinth, whereof the mystery was known but to a chosen few.

Several fruit-brokers had their marts near Todgers's; and one of the first impressions wrought upon the stranger's senses was of oranges—of damaged oranges, with blue and green bruises on them, festering in boxes, or mouldering away in cellars. All day long, a stream of porters from the wharves beside the river, each bearing on his back a bursting chest of oranges, poured slowly through the narrow passages; while underneath the archway by the public-house, the knots of those who rested and regaled within, were piled from morning until night. Strange solitary pumps were found near Todgers's, hiding themselves for the most part in blind alleys, and keeping company with fire-ladders. There were churches also by dozens, with many a ghostly little churchyard, all overgrown with such straggling vegetation as springs up spontaneously from damp, and graves, and rubbish. In some of these dingy resting-places, which bore much the same analogy to green

churchyards, as the pots of earth for mignonette and wall-flower in the windows overlooking them, did to rustic gardens—there were trees ; tall trees ; still putting forth their leaves in each succeeding year, with such a languishing remembrance of their kind (so one might fancy, looking on their sickly boughs) as birds in cages have of theirs. Here, paralysed old watchmen guarded the bodies of the dead at night, year after year, until at last they joined that solemn brotherhood ; and, saving that they slept below the ground a sounder sleep than even they had ever known above it, and were shut up in another kind of box, their condition can hardly be said to have undergone any material change when they, in turn, were watched themselves.

Among the narrow thoroughfares at hand, there lingered, here and there, an ancient doorway of carved oak, from which, of old, the sounds of revelry and feasting often came ; but now these mansions, only used for storehouses, were dark and dull, and, being filled with wool, and cotton, and the like—such heavy merchandise as stifles sound and stops the throat of echo—had an air of palpable deadness about them which, added to their silence and desertion, made them very grim. In like manner, there were gloomy court-yards in these parts, into which few but belated wayfarers ever strayed, and where vast bags and packs of goods, upward or downward bound, were for ever dangling between heaven and earth from lofty cranes. There were more trucks near Todgers's than you would suppose a whole city could ever need ; not active trucks, but a vagabond race, for ever lounging in the narrow lanes before their masters' doors and stopping up the pass ; so that when a stray hackney-coach or lumbering waggon came that way, they were the cause of such an uproar as enlivened the whole neighbourhood, and made the very bells in the next church-tower vibrate again. In the throats and maws of dark no-thoroughfares near Todgers's, individual wine-merchants and wholesale dealers in grocery-ware had perfect little towns of their own ; and, deep among the very foundations of these buildings, the ground was undermined and burrowed out into stables, where cart-horses, troubled by rats, might be heard on a quiet Sunday rattling their halters, as disturbed spirits in tales of haunted houses are said to clank their chains.

To tell of half the queer old taverns that had a drowsy and secret existence near Todgers's, would fill a goodly book ; while a second volume no less capacious might be devoted to an account of the quaint old guests who frequented their dimly-lighted parlours. These were, in general, ancient inhabitants of that region ; born, and bred there from boyhood ; who had long since become wheezy and asthmatical, and short of breath, except in the article of story-telling : in which respect they were still marvellously long-winded. These gentry were much opposed to steam and all new-fangled ways, and held ballooning to be sinful, and deplored the degeneracy of the times ; which that particular member of each little club who kept the keys of the nearest church, professionally, always attributed to the prevalence of dissent and irreligion ; though the major part of the company inclined to the belief that virtue went out with hair-powder, and that old England's greatness had decayed amain with barbers.

As to Todgers's itself—speaking of it only as a house in that neighbourhood, and making no reference to its merits as a commercial boarding establishment—it was worthy to stand where it did. There was one staircase-window in it : at the side of the house, on the ground-floor : which tradition said had not been opened for a hundred years at least, and which, abutting on an always-dirty lane, was so begrimed and coated with a century's mud, that no one pane of glass could possibly fall out, though all were cracked and broken twenty times. But the grand mystery of Todgers's was the cellarage, approachable only by a little back door and a rusty grating : which cellarage within the memory of man had had no connexion with the house, but had always been the freehold property of somebody else, and was reported to be full of wealth : though in what shape—whether in silver, brass, or gold, or butts of wine, or casks of gunpowder—was matter of profound uncertainty and supreme indifference to Todgers's, and all its inmates.

The top of the house was worthy of notice. There was a sort of terrace on the roof, with posts and fragments of rotten lines, once intended to dry clothes upon ; and there were two or three tea-chests out there, full of earth, with forgotten plants in them, like old walking-sticks. Whoever climbed to this observatory, was stunned at first from having knocked his head against the little door in coming out ; and after that, was for the moment choaked from having looked, perforce, straight down the kitchen chimney ; but these two stages over, there were things to gaze at from the top of Todgers's, well worth your seeing too. For first and foremost, if the day were bright, you observed upon the house-tops, stretching far away, a long dark path : the shadow of the Monument : and turning round, the tall original was close beside you, with every hair erect upon his golden head, as if the doings of the city frightened him. Then there were steeples, towers, belfreys, shining vanes, and masts of ships : a very forest. Gables, housetops, garret-windows, wilderness upon wilderness. Smoke and noise enough for all the world at once.

After the first glance, there were slight features in the midst of this crowd of objects, which sprang out from the mass without any reason, as it were, and took hold of the attention whether the spectator would or no. Thus, the revolving chimney-pots on one great stack of buildings, seemed to be turning gravely to each other every now and then, and whispering the result of their separate observation of what was going on below. Others, of a crook-backed shape, appeared to be maliciously holding themselves askew, that they might shut the prospect out and baffle Todgers's. The man who was mending a pen at an upper window over the way, became of paramount importance in the scene, and made a blank in it, ridiculously disproportionate in its extent, when he retired. The gambols of a piece of cloth upon the dyer's pole had far more interest for the moment than all the changing motion of the crowd. Yet even while the looker-on felt angry with himself for this, and wondered how it was, the tumult swelled into a roar ; the host of objects seemed to thicken and expand a hundredfold ; and after gazing round him, quite scared, he turned into Todgers's again,

much more rapidly than he came out; and ten to one he told M. Todgers afterwards that if he hadn't done so, he would certainly have come into the street by the shortest cut: that is to say, headforemost.

So said the two Miss Pecksniffs, when they retired with Mrs. Todgers from this place of espial, leaving the youthful porter to close the door and follow them down stairs: who being of a playful temperament, and contemplating with a delight peculiar to his sex and time of life, any chance of dashing himself into small fragments, lingered behind to walk upon the parapet.

It being the second day of their stay in London, the Miss Pecksniffs and Mrs. Todgers were by this time highly confidential, insomuch that the last-named lady had already communicated the particulars of three early disappointments of a tender nature; and had furthermore possessed her young friends with a general summary of the life, conduct, and character of Mr. Todgers: who, it seemed, had cut his matrimonial career rather short, by unlawfully running away from his happiness, and establishing himself in foreign countries as a bachelor.

"Your pa was once a little particular in his attentions, my dears," said Mrs. Todgers: "but to be your ma was too much happiness denied me. You'd hardly know who this was done for, perhaps?"

She called their attention to an oval miniature, like a little blister, which was tacked up over the kettle-holder, and in which there was a dreamy shadowing forth of her own visage.

"It's a speaking likeness!" cried the two Miss Pecksniffs.

"It was considered so once," said Mrs. Todgers, warming herself in a gentlemanly manner at the fire: "but I hardly thought you would have known it, my loves."

They would have known it anywhere. If they could have met with it in the street, or seen it in a shop window, they would have cried, "Good Gracious! Mrs. Todgers!"

"Presiding over an establishment like this, makes sad havoc with the features, my dear Miss Pecksniffs," said Mrs. Todgers. "The gravy alone, is enough to add twenty years to one's age, I do assure you."

"Lor!" cried the two Miss Pecksniffs.

"The anxiety of that one item, my dears," said Mrs. Todgers, "keeps the mind continually upon the stretch. There is no such passion in human nature, as the passion for gravy among commercial gentlemen. It's nothing to say a joint won't yield—a whole animal wouldn't yield—the amount of gravy they expect each day at dinner. And what I have undergone in consequence," cried Mrs. Todgers, raising her eyes and shaking her head, "no one would believe!"

"Just like Mr. Pinch, Merry!" said Charity. "We have always noticed it in him, you remember?"

"Yes, my dear," giggled Merry, "but we have never given it him, you know."

"You my dears, having to deal with your pa's pupils who can't help themselves, are able to take your own way," said Mrs. Todgers, "but in a commercial establishment, where any gentleman may say, any Saturday

evening, 'Mrs. Todgers, this day week we part, in consequence of the cheese,' it is not so easy to preserve a pleasant understanding. Your pa was kind enough," added the good lady, "to invite me to take a ride with you to-day; and I think he mentioned that you were going to call upon Miss Pinch. Any relation to the gentleman you were speaking of just now, Miss Pecksniff?"

"For goodness sake, Mrs. Todgers," interposed the lively Merry, "don't call him a gentleman. My dear Cherry, Pinch a gentleman! The idea!"

"What a wicked girl you are!" cried Mrs. Todgers, embracing her with great affection. "You're quite a quiz I do declare! My dear Miss Pecksniff, what a happiness your sister's spirits must be to your pa and self!"

"He's the most hideous, goggle-eyed creature, Mrs. Todgers, in existence," resumed Merry: "quite an ogre. The ugliest, awkwardest, frightfullest being, you can imagine. This is his sister, so I leave you to suppose what *she* is. I shall be obliged to laugh outright, I know I shall!" cried the charming girl, "I never shall be able to keep my countenance. The notion of a Miss Pinch presuming to exist at all is sufficient to kill one, but to see her—oh my stars!"

Mrs. Todgers laughed immensely at the dear love's humour, and declared she was quite afraid of her, that she was. She was so very severe.

"Who is severe?" cried a voice at the door. "There is no such thing as severity in our family, I hope!" And then Mr. Pecksniff peeped smilingly into the room, and said, "May I come in, Mrs. Todgers?"

Mrs. Todgers almost screamed, for the little door of communication between that room and the inner one being wide open, there was a full disclosure of the sofa bedstead in all its monstrous impropriety. But she had the presence of mind to close this portal in the twinkling of an eye; and having done so, said, though not without confusion, "Oh yes, Mr. Pecksniff, you can come in, if you please."

"How are we to-day," said Mr. Pecksniff jocosely; "and what are our plans? Are we ready to go and see Tom Pinch's sister? Ha, ha, ha! Poor Thomas Pinch!"

"Are we ready," returned Mrs. Todgers, nodding her head with mysterious intelligence, "to send a favourable reply to Mr. Jenkins's round-robin? That's the first question, Mr. Pecksniff."

"Why Mr. Jenkins's robin, my dear madam?" asked Mr. Pecksniff, putting one arm round Mercy, and the other round Mrs. Todgers, whom he seemed, in the abstraction of the moment, to mistake for Charity. "Why Mr. Jenkins's?"

"Because he began to get it up, and indeed always takes the lead in the house," said Mrs. Todgers, playfully. "That's why, sir."

"Jenkins is a man of superior talents," observed Mr. Pecksniff. "I have conceived a great regard for Jenkins. I take Jenkins's desire to pay polite attention to my daughters, as an additional proof of the friendly feeling of Jenkins, Mrs. Todgers."

"Well now," returned that lady, "having said so much, you must say the rest, Mr. Pecksniff; so tell the dear young ladies all about it."

With these words, she gently eluded Mr. Pecksniff's grasp, and took Miss Charity into her own embrace ; though whether she was impelled to this proceeding solely by the irrepressible affection she had conceived for that young lady, or whether it had any reference to a lowering, not to say distinctly spiteful expression which had been visible in her face for some moments, has never been exactly ascertained. Be this as it may, Mr. Pecksniff went on to inform his daughters of the purport and history of the round-robin aforesaid, which was in brief, that the commercial gentlemen who helped to make up the sum and substance of that noun of multitude or signifying many, called Todgers's, desired the honour of their presence at the general table, so long as they remained in the house, and besought that they would grace the board at dinner-time next day, the same being Sunday. He further said, that Mrs. Todgers being a consenting party to this invitation, he was willing, for his part, to accept it ; and so left them that he might write his gracious answer, the while they armed themselves with their best bonnets for the utter defeat and overthrow of Miss Pinch.

Tom Pinch's sister was governess in a family, a lofty family ; perhaps the wealthiest brass and copper founders' family known to mankind. They lived at Camberwell ; in a house so big and fierce that its mere outside, like the outside of a giant's castle, struck terror into vulgar minds and made bold persons quail. There was a great front gate ; with a great bell, whose handle was in itself a note of admiration ; and a great lodge ; which being close to the house, rather spoilt the look-out certainly, but made the look-in, tremendous. At this entry, a great porter kept constant watch and ward ; and when he gave the visitor high leave to pass, he rang a second great bell, responsive to whose note a great footman appeared in due time at the great hall-door, with such great tags upon his liveried shoulder that he was perpetually entangling and hooking himself among the chairs and tables, and led a life of torment which could scarcely have been surpassed, if he had been a blue-bottle in a world of cobwebs.

To this mansion, Mr. Pecksniff, accompanied by his daughters and Mrs. Todgers, drove gallantly in a one-horse fly. The foregoing ceremonies having been all performed, they were ushered into the house ; and so, by degrees, they got at last into a small room with books in it, where Mr. Pinch's sister was at that moment, instructing her eldest pupil : to wit, a premature little woman of thirteen years old, who had already arrived at such a pitch of whalebone and education that she had nothing girlish about her, which was a source of great rejoicing to all her relations and friends.

"Visitors for Miss Pinch !" said the footman. He must have been an ingenious young man, for he said it very cleverly : with a nice discrimination between the cold respect with which he would have announced visitors to the family, and the warm personal interest with which he would have announced visitors to the cook.

"Visitors for Miss Pinch !"

Miss Pinch rose hastily ; with such tokens of agitation as plainly declared that her list of callers was not numerous. At the same time, the little

pupil became alarmingly upright, and prepared herself to take mental notes of all that might be said and done. For the lady of the establishment was curious in the natural history and habits of the animal called Governess, and encouraged her daughters to report thereon whenever occasion served ; which was, in reference to all parties concerned, very laudable, improving, and pleasant.

It is a melancholy fact ; but it must be related, that Mr. Pinch's sister was not at all ugly. On the contrary, she had a good face ; a very mild and prepossessing face ; and a pretty little figure—slight and short, but remarkable for its neatness. There was something of her brother, much of him indeed, in a certain gentleness of manner, and in her look of timid trustfulness ; but she was so far from being a fright, or a dowdy, or a horror, or anything else, predicted by the two Miss Pecksniffs, that those young ladies naturally regarded her with great indignation, feeling that this was by no means what they had come to see.

Miss Mercy, as having the larger share of gaiety, bore up the best against this disappointment, and carried it off, in outward show at least, with a titter ; but her sister, not caring to hide her disdain, expressed it pretty openly in her looks. As to Mrs. Todgers, she leaned on Mr. Pecksniff's arm and preserved a kind of genteel grimness, suitable to any state of mind, and involving any shade of opinion.

"Don't be alarmed Miss Pinch," said Mr. Pecksniff, taking her hand condescendingly in one of his, and patting it with the other. "I have called to see you, in pursuance of a promise given to your brother, Thomas Pinch. My name—compose yourself, Miss Pinch—is Pecksniff."

The good man emphasized these words as though he would have said, 'You see in me, young person, the benefactor of your race ; the patron of your house ; the preserver of your brother, who is fed with manna daily from my table ; and in right of whom there is a considerable balance in my favour at present standing in the books beyond the sky. But I have no pride, for I can afford to do without it !'

The poor girl felt it all as if it had been Gospel Truth. Her brother writing in the fulness of his simple heart, had often told her so, and how much more ! As Mr. Pecksniff ceased to speak, she hung her head, and dropped a tear upon his hand.

"Oh very well, Miss Pinch !" thought the sharp pupil, "crying before strangers, as if you didn't like the situation !"

"Thomas is well," said Mr. Pecksniff ; "and sends his love and this letter. I cannot say, poor fellow, that he will ever be distinguished in our profession ; but he has the will to do well, which is the next thing to having the power ; and, therefore, we must bear with him. Eh ?"

"I know he has the will, sir," said Tom Pinch's sister, "and I know how kindly and considerately you cherish it, for which neither he nor I can ever be grateful enough, as we very often say in writing to each other. The young ladies too," she added, glancing gratefully at his two daughters, "I know how much we owe to them."

"My dears," said Mr. Pecksniff, turning to them with a smile : "Thomas's sister is saying something you will be glad to hear, I think."

"We can't take any merit to ourselves, papa !" cried Cherry, as they

both apprised Tom Pinch's sister, with a curtesy, that they would feel obliged if she would keep her distance. "Mr. Pinch's being so well provided for is owing to you alone, and we can only say how glad we are to hear that he is as grateful as he ought to be."

"Oh very well, Miss Pinch!" thought the pupil again. "Got a grateful brother, living on other people's kindness!"

"It was very kind of you," said Tom Pinch's sister, with Tom's own simplicity, and Tom's own smile, "to come here: very kind indeed: though how great a kindness you have done me in gratifying my wish to see you, and to thank you with my own lips, you, who make so light of benefits conferred, can scarcely think."

"Very grateful; very pleasant; very proper," murmured Mr. Pecksniff.

"It makes me happy too," said Ruth Pinch, who now that her first surprise was over, had a chatty, cheerful way with her, and a single-hearted desire to look upon the best side of everything, which was the very moral and image of Tom; "very happy to think that you will be able to tell him how more than comfortably I am situated here, and how unnecessary it is that he should ever waste a regret on my being cast upon my own resources. Dear me! So long as I heard that he was happy, and he heard that I was," said Tom's sister, "we could both bear, without one impatient or complaining thought, a great deal more than ever we have had to endure, I am very certain." And if ever the plain truth were spoken on this occasionally false earth, Tom's sister spoke it when she said that.

"Ah!" cried Mr. Pecksniff, whose eyes had in the mean time wandered to the pupil; "certainly. And how do *you* do, my very interesting child?"

"Quite well, I thank you, sir," replied that frosty innocent.

"A sweet face this, my dears," said Mr. Pecksniff, turning to his daughters. "A charming manner!"

Both young ladies had been in ecstasies with the scion of a wealthy house (through whom the nearest road and shortest cut to her parents might be supposed to lie) from the first. Mrs. Todgers vowed that anything one quarter so angelic she had never seen. "She wanted but a pair of wings, a dear," said that good woman, "to be a young syrup,"—meaning, possibly, young sylph, or seraph.

"If you will give that to your distinguished parents, my amiable little friend," said Mr. Pecksniff, producing one of his professional cards, "and will say that I and my daughters—"

"And Mrs. Todgers, pa," said Merry.

"And Mrs. Todgers, of London," added Mr. Pecksniff; "that I, and my daughters, and Mrs. Todgers of London, did not intrude upon them, as our object simply was to take some notice of Miss Pinch, whose brother is a young man in my employment; but that I could not leave this very chaste mansion, without adding my humble tribute, as an Architect, to the correctness and elegance of the owner's taste, and to his just appreciation of that beautiful art, to the cultivation of which I have devoted a life, and to the promotion of whose glory and advancement I have sacrificed a—a fortune—I shall be very much obliged to you."

"Missis's compliments to Miss Pinch," said the footman, suddenly appearing, and speaking in exactly the same key as before, "and begs to know wot my young lady is a learning of just now."

"Oh!" said Mr. Pecksniff, "here is the young man. *He* will take the card. With my compliments, if you please, young man. My dears, we are interrupting the studies. Let us go."

Some confusion was occasioned for an instant by Mrs. Todgers's unstrapping her little flat hand-basket, and hurriedly entrusting the "young man" with one of her own cards, which, in addition to certain detailed information relative to the terms of the commercial establishment, bore a foot-note to the effect that M. T. took that opportunity of thanking those gentlemen who had honoured her with their favours, and begged that they would have the goodness, if satisfied with the table, to recommend her to their friends. But Mr. Pecksniff, with admirable presence of mind, recovered this document, and buttoned it up in his own pocket.

Then he said to Miss Pinch—with more condescension and kindness than ever, for it was desirable the footman should expressly understand that they were not friends of hers, but patrons:

"Good morning. Good bye. God bless you! You may depend upon my continued protection of your brother Thomas. Keep your mind quite at ease, Miss Pinch!"

"Thank you," said Tom's sister heartily: "a thousand times."

"Not at all," he retorted, patting her gently on the head. "Don't mention it. You will make me angry if you do. My sweet child"—to the pupil, "farewell! That fairy creature," said Mr. Pecksniff, looking in his pensive mood hard at the footman, as if he meant him, "has shed a vision on my path, refulgent in its nature, and not easily to be obliterated. My dears, are you ready?"

They were not quite ready yet, for they were still caressing the pupil. But they tore themselves away at length; and sweeping past Miss Pinch with each a haughty inclination of the head and a curtesy strangled in its birth, flounced into the passage.

The young man had rather a long job in showing them out; for Mr. Pecksniff's delight in the tastefulness of the house was such that he could not help often stopping (particularly when they were near the parlour door) and giving it expression, in a loud voice and very learned terms. Indeed, he delivered, between the study and the hall, a familiar exposition of the whole science of architecture as applied to dwelling-houses, and was yet in the freshness of his eloquence when they reached the garden.

"If you look," said Mr. Pecksniff, backing from the steps, with his head on one side and his eyes half-shut that he might the better take in the proportions of the exterior: "If you look, my dears, at the cornice which supports the roof, and observe the airiness of its construction, especially where it sweeps the southern angle of the building, you will feel with me—How do you do, sir? I hope you're well!"

Interrupting himself with these words, he very politely bowed to a middle-aged gentleman at an upper window, to whom he spoke, not

because the gentleman could hear him (for he certainly could not), but as an appropriate accompaniment to his salutation.

"I have no doubt, my dears," said Mr. Pecksniff, feigning to point out other beauties with his hand, "that that is the proprietor. I should be glad to know him. It might lead to something. Is he looking this way, Charity?"

"He is opening the window, pa!"

"Ha, ha!" cried Mr. Pecksniff, softly. "All right! He has found I'm professional. He heard me inside just now, I have no doubt. Don't look! With regard to the fluted pillars in the portico, my dears—"

"Hallo!" cried the gentleman.

"Sir, your servant!" said Mr. Pecksniff, taking off his hat: "I am proud to make your acquaintance."

"Come off the grass, will you!" roared the gentleman.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. Pecksniff, doubtful of his having heard aright. "Did you—?"

"Come off the grass!" repeated the gentleman, warmly.

"We are unwilling to intrude, sir," Mr. Pecksniff smilingly began.

"But you *are* intruding," returned the other, "unwarrantably intruding—trespassing. You see a gravel walk, don't you? What do you think it's meant for? Open the gate there! Show that party out!"

With that, he clapped down the window again, and disappeared.

Mr. Pecksniff put on his hat, and walked with great deliberation and in profound silence to the fly, gazing at the clouds as he went, with great interest. After helping his daughters and Mrs. Todgers into that conveyance, he stood looking at it for some moments, as if he were not quite certain whether it was a carriage or a temple; but, having settled this point in his mind, he got into his place, spread his hands out on his knees, and smiled upon the three beholders.

But his daughters, less tranquil-minded, burst into a torrent of indignation. This came, they said, of cherishing such creatures as the Pinches. This came of lowering themselves to their level. This came of putting themselves in the humiliating position of seeming to know such bold, audacious, cunning, dreadful girls as that. They had expected this. They had predicted it to Mrs. Todgers, as she (Todgers) could depone, that very morning. To this they added, that the owner of the house, supposing them to be Miss Pinch's friends, had acted, in their opinion, quite correctly, and had done no more than, under such circumstances, might reasonably have been expected. To that they added (with a trifling inconsistency), that he was a brute and a bear; and then they merged into a flood of tears, which swept away all wandering epithets before it.

Perhaps Miss Pinch was scarcely so much to blame in the matter as the Seraph, who, immediately on the withdrawal of the visitors, had hastened to report them at head-quarters, with a full account of their having presumptuously charged her with the delivery of a message afterwards consigned to the footman; which outrage, taken in conjunction with Mr. Pecksniff's unobtrusive remarks on the establishment, might possibly have had some share in their dismissal. Poor Miss Pinch, however, had to bear the brunt of it with both parties: being so severely

taken to task by the Seraph's mother for having such vulgar acquaintances, that she was fain to retire to her own room in tears, which her natural cheerfulness and submission, and the delight of having seen Mr. Pecksniff, and having received a letter from her brother, were at first insufficient to repress.

As to Mr. Pecksniff, he told them in the fly, that a good action was its own reward ; and rather gave them to understand, that if he could have been kicked in such a cause, he would have liked it all the better. But this was no comfort to the young ladies, who scolded violently the whole way back, and even exhibited, more than once, a keen desire to attack the devoted Mrs. Todgers : on whose personal appearance, but particularly on whose offending card and hand-basket, they were secretly inclined to lay the blame of half their failure.

Todgers's was in a great bustle that evening, partly owing to some additional domestic preparations for the morrow, and partly to the excitement always inseparable in that house from Saturday night, when every gentleman's linen arrived at a different hour in its own little bundle, with his private account pinned on the outside. There was always a great clinking of pattens down stairs, too, until midnight or so, on Saturdays ; together with a frequent gleaming of mysterious lights in the area ; much working at the pump ; and a constant jangling of the iron handle of the pail. Shrill altercations from time to time arose between Mrs. Todgers and unknown females in remote back kitchens ; and sounds were occasionally heard indicative of small articles of iron-mongery and hardware being thrown at the boy. It was the custom of that youth on Saturdays, to roll up his shirt sleeves to his shoulders, and pervade all parts of the house in an apron of coarse green baize ; moreover, he was more strongly tempted on Saturdays than on other days (it being a busy time), to make excursive bolts into the neighbouring alleys when he answered the door, and there to play at leap-frog and other sports with vagrant lads, until pursued and brought back by the hair of his head, or the lobe of his ear ; so that he was quite a conspicuous feature among the peculiar incidents of the last day in the week at Todgers's.

He was especially so, on this particular Saturday evening, and honoured the Miss Pecksniffs with a deal of notice ; seldom passing the door of Mrs. Todgers's private room, where they sat alone before the fire, working by the light of a solitary candle, without putting in his head and greeting them with some such compliments as, "There you are agin !" "An't it nice ?"—and similar humorous attentions.

"I say," he whispered, stopping in one of his journeys to and fro, "young ladies, there's soup to-morrow. She's a making it now. An't she a putting in the water ? Oh ! not at all neither !"

In the course of answering another knock, he thrust in his head again.

"I say—there's fowls to-morrow. Not skinny ones. Oh no !"

Presently he called through the key-hole,

"There's a fish to-morrow—just come. Don't eat none of him !" and, with this spectral warning, vanished again.

Bye and bye, he returned to lay the cloth for supper : it having been

arranged between Mrs. Todgers and the young ladies, that they should partake of an exclusive veal-cutlet together in the privacy of that apartment. He entertained them on this occasion by thrusting the lighted candle into his mouth, and exhibiting his face in a state of transparency ; after the performance of which feat, he went on with his professional duties ; brightening every knife as he laid it on the table, by breathing on the blade and afterwards polishing the same on the apron already mentioned. When he had completed his preparations, he grinned at the sisters, and expressed his belief that the approaching collation would be of "rather a spicy sort."

"Will it be long before it's ready, Bailey?" asked Mercy.

"No," said Bailey, "it *is* cooked. When I come up, she was dodging among the tender pieces with a fork, and eating of 'em."

But he had scarcely achieved the utterance of these words, when he received a manual compliment on the head, which sent him staggering against the wall; and Mrs. Todgers, dish in hand, stood indignantly before him.

"Oh you little villain!" said that lady. "Oh you bad, false boy!"

"No worse than yerself," retorted Bailey, guarding his head, on a principle invented by Mr. Thomas Cribb. "Ah! Come now! Do that agin, will yer!"

"He's the most dreadful child," said Mrs. Todgers, setting down the dish, "I ever had to deal with. The gentlemen spoil him to that extent, and teach him such things, that I'm afraid nothing but hanging will ever do him any good."

"Won't it?" cried Bailey. "Oh! Yes! Wot do you go a lowerin the table for then, and destroying my constitooshun?"

"Go down stairs, you vicious boy," said Mrs. Todgers, holding the door open. "Do you hear me? Go along!"

After two or three dexterous feints, he went, and was seen no more that night, save once, when he brought up some tumblers and hot water, and much disturbed the two Miss Pecksniffs by squinting hideously behind the back of the unconscious Mrs. Todgers. Having done this justice to his wounded feelings, he retired underground; where, in company with a swarm of black beetles and a kitchen candle, he employed his faculties in cleaning boots and brushing clothes until the night was far advanced.

Benjamin was supposed to be the real name of this young retainer, but he was known by a great variety of names. Benjamin, for instance, had been converted into Uncle Ben, and that again had been corrupted into Uncle; which, by an easy transition, had again passed into Barnwell, in memory of the celebrated relative in that degree who was shot by his nephew George, while meditating in his garden at Camberwell. The gentlemen at Todgers's had a merry habit, too, of bestowing upon him, for the time being, the name of any notorious malefactor or minister; and sometimes, when current events were flat, they even sought the pages of history for these distinctions; as Mr. Pitt, Young Brownrigg, and the like. At the period of which we write, he was generally known among the gentlemen as Bailey junior; a name bestowed

upon him in contradistinction, perhaps, to Old Bailey ; and possibly as involving the recollection of an unfortunate lady of the same name, who perished by her own hand early in life, and has been immortalised in a ballad.

The usual Sunday dinner-hour at Todgers's was two o'clock,—a suitable time, it was considered, for all parties ; convenient to Mrs. Todgers, on account of the baker's ; and convenient to the gentlemen, with reference to their afternoon engagements. But on the Sunday which was to introduce the two Miss Pecksniffs to a full knowledge of Todgers's and its society, the dinner was postponed until five, in order that everything might be as genteel as the occasion demanded.

When the hour drew nigh, Bailey junior, testifying great excitement, appeared in a complete suit of cast-off clothes several sizes too large for him, and in particular, mounted a clean shirt of such extraordinary magnitude, that one of the gentlemen (remarkable for his ready wit) called him "collars" on the spot. At about a quarter before five, a deputation, consisting of Mr. Jenkins, and another gentleman whose name was Gander, knocked at the door of Mrs. Todgers's room, and, being formally introduced to the two Miss Pecksniffs by their parent, who was in waiting, besought the honour of conducting them up stairs.

The drawing-room at Todgers's was out of the common style ; so much so indeed, that you would hardly have taken it to be a drawing-room, unless you were told so by somebody who was in the secret. It was floor-clothed all over ; and the ceiling, including a great beam in the middle, was papered. Besides the three little windows, with seats in them, commanding the opposite archway, there was another window looking point blank, without any compromise at all about it, into Jenkins's bed-room ; and high up all along one side of the wall was a strip of panes of glass, two-deep, giving light to the staircase. There were the oddest closets possible, with little casements in them like eight-day clocks, lurking in the wainscot and taking the shape of the stairs ; and the very door itself (which was painted black) had two great glass eyes in its forehead, with an inquisitive green pupil in the middle of each.

Here the gentlemen were all assembled. There was a general cry of "Hear, Hear !" and "Bravo Jink !" when Mr. Jenkins appeared with Charity on his arm : which became quite rapturous as Mr. Gander followed, escorting Mercy, and Mr. Pecksniff brought up the rear with Mrs. Todgers.

Then the presentations took place. They included a gentleman of a sporting turn, who propounded questions on jockey subjects to the editors of Sunday papers, which were regarded by his friends as rather stiff things to answer ; and they included a gentleman of a theatrical turn, who had once entertained serious thoughts of "coming out," but had been kept in by the wickedness of human nature ; and they included a gentleman of a debating turn, who was strong at speech-making ; and a gentleman of a literary turn, who wrote squibs upon the rest, and knew the weak side of everybody's character but his own. There was a gentleman of a vocal turn, and a gentleman of a smoking turn, and a gentleman

of a convivial turn ; some of the gentlemen had a turn for whist, and a large proportion of the gentlemen had a strong turn for billiards and betting. They had all, it may be presumed, a turn for business ; being all commercially employed in one way or other ; and had, every one in his own way, a decided turn for pleasure to boot. Mr. Jenkins was of a fashionable turn ; being a regular frequenter of the Parks on Sundays, and knowing a great many carriages by sight. He spoke mysteriously, too, of splendid women, and was suspected of having once committed himself with a Countess. Mr. Gander was of a witty turn, being indeed the gentleman who had originated the sally about "collars ;" which sparkling pleasantry was now retailed from mouth to mouth, under the title of Gander's Last, and was received in all parts of the room with great applause. Mr. Jenkins, it may be added, was much the oldest of the party : being a fish-salesman's book-keeper, aged forty. He was the oldest boarder also ; and in right of his double seniority, took the lead in the house, as Mrs. Todgers had already said.

There was considerable delay in the production of dinner, and poor Mrs. Todgers, being reproached in confidence by Jenkins, slipped in and out, at least twenty times to see about it ; always coming back as though she had no such thing upon her mind, and hadn't been out at all. But there was no hitch in the conversation, nevertheless ; for one gentleman, who travelled in the perfumery line, exhibited an interesting nick-nack, in the way of a remarkable cake of shaving soap, which he had lately met with in Germany ; and the gentleman of a literary turn repeated (by desire) some sarcastic stanzas he had recently produced on the freezing of the tank at the back of the house. These amusements, with the miscellaneous conversation arising out of them, passed the time splendidly, until dinner was announced by Bailey junior in these terms :

"The wittles is up !"

On which notice they immediately descended to the banquet-hall ; some of the more facetious spirits in the rear taking down gentlemen as if they were ladies, in imitation of the fortunate possessors of the two Miss Pecksniffs.

Mr. Pecksniff said grace—a short and pious grace, invoking a blessing on the appetites of those present, and committing all persons who had nothing to eat, to the care of Providence : whose business (so said the grace, in effect) it clearly was, to look after them. This done, they fell to, with less ceremony than appetite ; the table groaning beneath the weight, not only of the delicacies whereof the Miss Pecksniffs had been previously forewarned, but of boiled beef, roast veal, bacon, pies, and abundance of such heavy vegetables as are favourably known to house-keepers for their satisfying qualities. Besides which, there were bottles of stout, bottles of wine, bottles of ale ; and divers other strong drinks, native and foreign.

All this was highly agreeable to the two Miss Pecksniffs, who were in immense request ; sitting one on either hand of Mr. Jenkins at the bottom of the table ; and who were called upon to take wine with some new admirer every minute. They had hardly ever felt so pleasant, and

so full of conversation, in their lives ; Mercy, in particular, was uncommonly brilliant, and said so many good things in the way of lively repartee that she was looked upon as a prodigy. "In short," as that young lady observed, "they felt now, indeed, that they were in London, and for the first time too."

Their young friend Bailey sympathised in these feelings to the fullest extent, and, abating nothing of his patronage, gave them every encouragement in his power : favouring them, when the general attention was diverted from his proceedings, with many nods and winks and other tokens of recognition, and occasionally touching his nose with a corkscrew, as if to express the Bacchanalian character of the meeting. In truth, perhaps even the spirits of the two Miss Pecksniffs, and the hungry watchfulness of Mrs. Todgers, were less worthy of note than the proceedings of this remarkable boy, whom nothing disconcerted or put out of his way. If any piece of crockery—a dish or otherwise—chanced to slip through his hands (which happened once or twice), he let it go with perfect good-breeding, and never added to the painful emotions of the company by exhibiting the least regret. Nor did he, by hurrying to and fro, disturb the repose of the assembly, as many well-trained servants do ; on the contrary, feeling the hopelessness of waiting upon so large a party, he left the gentlemen to help themselves to what they wanted, and seldom stirred from behind Mr. Jinkins's chair, where, with his hands in his pockets, and his legs planted pretty wide apart, he led the laughter, and enjoyed the conversation.

The dessert was splendid. No waiting either. The pudding-plates had been washed in a little tub outside the door while cheese was on, and though they were moist and warm with friction, still there they were again—up to the mark, and true to time. Quarts of almonds ; dozens of oranges ; pounds of raisins ; stacks of biffins ; soup-plates full of nuts.—Oh, Todgers's could do it when it chose ! mind that.

Then more wine came on ; red wines and white wines ; and a large china bowl of punch, brewed by the gentleman of a convivial turn, who adjured the Miss Pecksniffs not to be despondent on account of its dimensions, as there were materials in the house for the concoction of half a dozen more of the same size. Good gracious, how they laughed ! How they coughed when they sipped it, because it was so strong ; and how they laughed again, when somebody vowed that but for its colour it might have been mistaken, in regard of its innocuous qualities, for new milk ! What a shout of "No !" burst from the gentlemen when they pathetically implored Mr. Jinkins to suffer them to qualify it with hot water ; and how blushing, by little and little, did each of them drink her whole glassful, down to its very dregs !

Now comes the trying time. The sun, as Mr. Jinkins says (gentlemanly creature, Jinkins—never at a loss !), is about to leave the firmament. "Miss Pecksniff !" says Mrs. Todgers, softly, "will you —" "Oh dear, no more, Mrs. Todgers." Mrs. Todgers rises ; the two Miss Pecksniffs rise ; all rise. Miss Mercy Pecksniff looks downward for her scarf. Where is it ? Dear me, where *can* it be ? Sweet girl, she has it on—not on her fair neck, but loose upon her flowing figure. A dozen

hands assist her. She is all confusion. The youngest gentleman in company thirsts to murder Jinkins. She skips and joins her sister at the door. Her sister has her arm about the waist of Mrs. Todgers. She winds her arm around her sister. Diana, what a picture! The last things visible are a shape and a skip. "Gentlemen, let us drink the ladies!"

The enthusiasm is tremendous. The gentleman of a debating turn rises in the midst, and suddenly lets loose a tide of eloquence which bears down everything before it. He is reminded of a toast—a toast to which they will respond. There is an individual present; he has him in his eye; to whom they owe a debt of gratitude. He repeats it—a debt of gratitude. Their rugged natures have been softened and ameliorated that day by the society of lovely woman. There is a gentleman in company whom two accomplished and delightful females regard with veneration, as the fountain of their existence. Yes, when yet the two Miss Pecksniffs lisped in language scarce intelligible, they called that individual "Father!" There is great applause. He gives them "Mr. Pecksniff, and God bless him!" They all shake hands with Mr. Pecksniff, as they drink the toast. The youngest gentleman in company does so with a thrill; for he feels that a mysterious influence pervades the man who claims that being in the pink scarf for his daughter.

What saith Mr. Pecksniff in reply? or rather let the question be, What leaves he unsaid? Nothing. More punch is called for, and produced, and drunk. Enthusiasm mounts still higher. Every man comes out freely in his own character. The gentleman of a theatrical turn recites. The vocal gentleman regales them with a song. Gander leaves the Gander of all former feasts whole leagues behind. *He* rises to propose a toast. It is, The Father of Todgers's. It is their common friend Jink—it is Old Jink, if he may call him by that familiar and endearing appellation. The youngest gentleman in company utters a frantic negative. He won't have it—he can't bear it—it mustn't be. But his depth of feeling is misunderstood. He is supposed to be a little elevated; and nobody heeds him.

Mr. Jinkins thanks them from his heart. It is, by many degrees, the proudest day in his humble career. When he looks around him on the present occasion, he feels that he wants words in which to express his gratitude. One thing he will say. He hopes it has been shown that Todgers's can be true to itself; and, an opportunity arising, that it can come out quite as strong as its neighbours—perhaps stronger. He reminds them, amidst thunders of encouragement, that they have heard of a somewhat similar establishment in Cannon-street; and that they have heard it praised. He wishes to draw no invidious comparisons; he would be the last man to do it; but when that Cannon-street establishment shall be able to produce such a combination of wit and beauty as has graced that board that day, and shall be able to serve up (all things considered) such a dinner as that of which they have just partaken, he will be happy to talk to it. Until then, gentlemen, he will stick to Todgers's.

More punch, more enthusiasm, more speeches. Everybody's health is

drunk, saving the youngest gentleman's, in company. He sits apart, with his elbow on the back of a vacant chair, and glares disdainfully at Jinkins. Gander, in a convulsing speech, gives them the health of Bailey junior; hiccups are heard; and a glass is broken. Mr. Jinkins feels that it is time to join the ladies. He proposes, as a final sentiment, Mrs. Todgers. She is worthy to be remembered separately. Hear, hear. So she is: no doubt of it. They all find fault with her at other times; but every man feels, now, that he could die in her defence.

They go up-stairs, where they are not expected so soon; for Mrs. Todgers is asleep, Miss Charity is adjusting her hair, and Mercy, who has made a sofa of one of the window-seats, is in a gracefully recumbent attitude. She is rising hastily, when Mr. Jinkins implores her, for all their sakes, not to stir; she looks too graceful and too lovely, he remarks, to be disturbed. She laughs, and yields, and fans herself, and drops her fan, and there is a rush to pick it up. Being now installed, by one consent, as the beauty of the party, she is cruel and capricious, and sends gentlemen on messages to other gentlemen, and forgets all about them before they can return with the answer, and invents a thousand tortures, rending their hearts to pieces. Bailey brings up the tea and coffee. There is a small cluster of admirers round Charity; but they are only those who cannot get near her sister. The youngest gentleman in company is pale, but collected, and still sits apart; for his spirit loves to hold communion with itself, and his soul recoils from noisy revellers. She has a consciousness of his presence and his adoration. He sees it flashing sometimes in the corner of her eye. Have a care, Jinkins, ere you provoke a desperate man to frenzy!

Mr. Pecksniff had followed his younger friends up-stairs, and taken a chair at the side of Mrs. Todgers. He had also spilt a cup of coffee over his legs without appearing to be aware of the circumstance; nor did he seem to know that there was muffin on his knee.

"And how have they used you, down-stairs, sir?" asked the hostess.

"Their conduct has been such, my dear madam," said Mr. Pecksniff, "as I can never think of without emotion, or remember without a tear. Oh, Mrs. Todgers!"

"My goodness!" exclaimed that lady. "How low you are in your spirits, sir!"

"I am a man, my dear Madam," said Mr. Pecksniff, shedding tears, and speaking with an imperfect articulation, "but I am also a father. I am also a widower. My feelings, Mrs. Todgers, will not consent to be entirely smothered, like the young children in the Tower. They are grown up, and the more I press the bolster on them, the more they look round the corner of it."

He suddenly became conscious of the bit of muffin, and stared at it intently: shaking his head the while, in a forlorn and imbecile manner, as if he regarded it as his evil genius, and mildly reproached it.

"She was beautiful, Mrs. Todgers," he said, turning his glazed eye again upon her, without the least preliminary notice. "She had a small property."

"So I have heard," cried Mrs. Todgers with great sympathy.

"Those are her daughters," said Mr. Pecksniff, pointing out the young ladies, with increased emotion.

Mrs. Todgers had no doubt of it.

"Mercy and Charity," said Mr. Pecksniff, "Charity and Mercy. Not unholy names, I hope?"

"Mr. Pecksniff!" cried Mrs. Todgers, "what a ghastly smile! Are you ill, Sir?"

He pressed his hand upon her arm, and answered in a solemn manner, and a faint voice, "Chronic."

"Cholic?" cried the frightened Mrs. Todgers.

"Chron-ic," he repeated with some difficulty. "Chronic. A chronic disorder. I have been its victim from childhood. It is carrying me to my grave."

"Heaven forbid!" cried Mrs. Todgers.

"Yes it is," said Mr. Pecksniff, reckless with despair. "I am rather glad of it, upon the whole. You are like her, Mrs. Todgers."

"Don't squeeze me so tight, pray, Mr. Pecksniff. If any of the gentlemen should notice us."

"For her sake," said Mr. Pecksniff. "Permit me—in honour of her memory. For the sake of a voice from the tomb. You are *very* like her, Mrs. Todgers! What a world this is!"

"Ah! Indeed you may say that!" cried Mrs. Todgers.

"I'm afraid it's a vain and thoughtless world," said Mr. Pecksniff, overflowing with despondency. "These young people about us. Oh! what sense have they of their responsibilities? None. Give me your other hand, Mrs. Todgers."

That lady hesitated, and said "she didn't like."

"Has a voice from the grave no influence?" said Mr. Pecksniff, with dismal tenderness. "This is irreligious! My dear creature."

"Hush!" urged Mrs. Todgers. "Really you mustn't."

"It's not me," said Mr. Pecksniff. "Don't suppose it's me; it's the voice; it's her voice."

Mrs. Pecksniff deceased, must have had an unusually thick and husky voice for a lady; and rather a stuttering voice; and to say the truth somewhat of a drunken voice; if it had ever borne much resemblance to that in which Mr. Pecksniff spoke just then. But perhaps this was delusion on his part.

"It has been a day of enjoyment, Mrs. Todgers, but still it has been a day of torture. It has reminded me of my loneliness. What am I in the world?"

"An excellent gentleman, Mr. Pecksniff," said Mrs. Todgers.

"There is consolation in that too," cried Mr. Pecksniff. "Am I?"

"There is no better man living," said Mrs. Todgers, "I am sure."

Mr. Pecksniff smiled through his tears, and slightly shook his head. "You are very good," he said, "thank you. It is a great happiness to me, Mrs. Todgers, to make young people happy. The happiness of my pupils is my chief object. I dote upon 'em. They dote upon me too—sometimes."

"Always," said Mrs. Todgers.

"When they say they haven't improved, ma'am," whispered Mr. Pecksniff, looking at her with profound mystery, and motioning to her to advance her ear a little closer to his mouth. "When they say they haven't improved, ma'am, and the premium was too high, they lie! I shouldn't wish it to be mentioned; you will understand me; but I say to you as to an old friend, they lie."

"Base wretches they must be!" said Mrs. Todgers.

"Madam," said Mr. Pecksniff, "you are right. I respect you for that observation. A word in your ear. To Parents and Guardians—This is in confidence, Mrs. Todgers?"

"The strictest, of course!" cried that lady.

"To Parents and Guardians," repeated Mr. Pecksniff. "An eligible opportunity now offers, which unites the advantages of the best practical architectural education with the comforts of a home, and the constant association with some, who, however humble their sphere and limited their capacity—observe!—are not unmindful of their moral responsibilities."

Mrs. Todgers looked a little puzzled to know what this might mean, as well she might; for it was, as the reader may perchance remember, Mr. Pecksniff's usual form of advertisement when he wanted a pupil; and seemed to have no particular reference, at present, to anything. But Mr. Pecksniff held up his finger as a caution to her not to interrupt him.

"Do you know any parent or guardian, Mrs. Todgers," said Mr. Pecksniff, "who desires to avail himself of such an opportunity for a young gentleman? An orphan would be preferred. Do you know of any orphan with three or four hundred pound?"

Mrs. Todgers reflected, and shook her head.

"When you hear of an orphan with three or four hundred pound," said Mr. Pecksniff, "let that dear orphan's friends apply, by letter post-paid, to S. P., Post-office, Salisbury. I don't know who he is, exactly. Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Todgers," said Mr. Pecksniff, falling heavily against her: "chronic—chronic! Let's have a little drop of something to drink."

"Bless my life, Miss Pecksniffs!" cried Mrs. Todgers, aloud, "your dear pa's took very poorly!"

Mr. Pecksniff straightened himself by a surprising effort, as every one turned hastily towards him; and standing on his feet, regarded the assembly with a look of ineffable wisdom. Gradually it gave place to a smile; a feeble, helpless, melancholy smile; bland, almost to sickliness. "Do not repine, my friends," said Mr. Pecksniff, tenderly. "Do not weep for me. It is chronic." And with these words, after making a futile attempt to pull off his shoes, he fell into the fire-place.

The youngest gentleman in company had him out in a second. Yes, before a hair upon his head was singed, he had him on the hearth-rug—Her father!

She was almost beside herself. So was her sister. Jinkins consoled them both. They all consoled them. Everybody had something to say except the youngest gentleman in company, who with a noble self-devotion did the heavy work, and held up Mr. Pecksniff's head without

being taken any notice of by anybody. At last they gathered round, and agreed to carry him up-stairs to bed. The youngest gentleman in company was rebuked by Jinkins for tearing Mr. Pecksniff's coat ! Ha, ha ! But no matter.

They carried him up-stairs, and crushed the youngest gentleman at every step. His bedroom was at the top of the house, and it was a long way ; but they got him there in course of time. He asked them frequently upon the road for a little drop of something to drink. It seemed an idiosyncrasy. The youngest gentleman in company proposed a draught of water. Mr. Pecksniff called him opprobrious names for the suggestion.

Jinkins and Gander took the rest upon themselves, and made him as comfortable as they could, on the outside of his bed ; and when he seemed disposed to sleep, they left him. But before they had all gained the bottom of the staircase, a vision of Mr. Pecksniff, strangely attired, was seen to flutter on the top landing. He desired to collect their sentiments, it seemed, upon the nature of human life.

"My friends," cried Mr. Pecksniff, looking over the banisters, "let us improve our minds by mutual inquiry and discussion. Let us be moral. Let us contemplate existence. Where is Jinkins ?"

"Here," cried that gentleman. "Go to bed again !"

"To bed !" said Mr. Pecksniff. "Bed ! 'Tis the voice of the sluggard ; I hear him complain ; you have woke me too soon ; I must slumber again. If any young orphan will repeat the remainder of that simple piece from Doctor Watts's collection, an eligible opportunity now offers."

Nobody volunteered.

"This is very soothing," said Mr. Pecksniff, after a pause. "Extremely so. Cool and refreshing ; particularly to the legs ! The legs of the human subject, my friends, are a beautiful production. Compare them with wooden legs, and observe the difference between the anatomy of nature and the anatomy of art. Do you know," said Mr. Pecksniff, leaning over the banisters, with an odd recollection of his familiar manner among new pupils at home, "that I should very much like to see Mrs. Todgers's notion of a wooden leg, if perfectly agreeable to herself !"

As it appeared impossible to entertain any reasonable hopes of him after this speech, Mr. Jinkins and Mr. Gander went up-stairs again, and once more got him into bed. But they had not descended to the second floor before he was out again ; nor, when they had repeated the process, had they descended the first flight, before he was out again. In a word, as often as he was shut up in his own room, he darted out afresh, charged with some new moral sentiment, which he continually repeated over the banisters, with extraordinary relish, and an irrepressible desire for the improvement of his fellow creatures that nothing could subdue.

Under these circumstances, when they had got him into bed for the thirtieth time or so, Mr. Jinkins held him, while his companion went down-stairs in search of Bailey junior, with whom he presently returned. That youth, having been apprised of the service required of him, was in great spirits, and brought up a stool, a candle, and his supper ; to the

end that he might keep watch outside the bedroom door with tolerable comfort.

When he had completed his arrangements, they locked Mr. Pecksniff in, and left the key on the outside ; charging the young page to listen attentively for symptoms of an apoplectic nature, with which the patient might be troubled, and, in case of any such presenting themselves, to summon them without delay : to which Mr. Bailey modestly replied that he hoped he knowed wot o'clock it was in ginerel, and didn't date his letters to his friends, from Todgers's, for nothing.

CHAPTER X.

CONTAINING STRANGE MATTER ; ON WHICH MANY EVENTS IN THIS HISTORY, MAY, FOR THEIR GOOD OR EVIL INFLUENCE, CHIEFLY DEPEND.

BUT Mr. Pecksniff came to town on business. Had he forgotten that ? Was he always taking his pleasure with Todgers's jovial brood, unmindful of the serious demands, whatever they might be, upon his calm consideration ? No.

Time and tide will wait for no man, saith the adage. But all men have to wait for time and tide. That tide which, taken at the flood, would lead Seth Pecksniff on to fortune, was marked down in the table, and about to flow. No idle Pecksniff lingered far inland, unmindful of the changes of the stream ; but there, upon the water's edge, over his shoes already, stood the worthy creature, prepared to wallow in the very mud, so that it slid towards the quarter of his hope.

The trustfulness of his two fair daughters was beautiful indeed. They had that firm reliance on their parent's nature, which taught them to feel certain that in all he did, he had his purpose straight and full before him. And that its noble end and object was himself, which almost of necessity included them, they knew. The devotion of these maids was perfect.

Their filial confidence was rendered the more touching, by their having no knowledge of their parent's real designs, in the present instance. All that they knew of his proceedings, was, that every morning, after the early breakfast, he repaired to the post-office and inquired for letters. That task performed, his business for the day was over ; and he again relaxed, until the rising of another sun proclaimed the advent of another post.

This went on for four or five days. At length one morning, Mr. Pecksniff returned with a breathless rapidity, strange to observe in him, at other times so calm ; and, seeking immediate speech with his daughters, shut himself up with them in private conference, for two whole hours. Of all that passed in this period, only the following words of Mr. Pecksniff's utterance are known :

"How he has come to change so very much (if it should turn out as I expect, that he has), we needn't stop to inquire. My dears, I have

my thoughts upon the subject, but I will not impart them. It is enough that we will not be proud, resentful, or unforgiving. If he wants our friendship, he shall have it. We know our duty, I hope!"

That same day at noon, an old gentleman alighted from a hackney-coach at the post-office, and, giving his name, inquired for a letter addressed to himself, and directed to be left till called for. It had been lying there, some days. The superscription was in Mr. Pecksniff's hand, and it was sealed with Mr. Pecksniff's seal.

It was very short, containing indeed nothing more than an address "with Mr. Pecksniff's respectful, and (notwithstanding what has passed) sincerely affectionate regards." The old gentleman tore off the direction—scattering the rest in fragments to the winds—and giving it to the coachman, bade him drive as near that place as he could. In pursuance of these instructions he was driven to the Monument; where he again alighted, dismissed the vehicle, and walked towards Todgers's.

Though the face, and form, and gait of this old man, and even his grip of the stout stick on which he leaned, were all expressive of a resolution not easily shaken, and a purpose (it matters little whether right or wrong; just now) such as in other days might have survived the rack, and had its strongest life in weakest death; still there were grains of hesitation in his mind, which made him now avoid the house he sought, and loiter to and fro in a gleam of sunlight, that brightened the little churchyard hard by. There may have been in the presence of those idle heaps of dust among the busiest stir of life, something to increase his wavering; but there he walked, awakening the echoes as he paced up and down, until the church clock, striking the quarters for the second time since he had been there, roused him from his meditation. Shaking off his incertitude as the air parted with the sound of the bells, he walked rapidly to the house, and knocked at the door.

Mr. Pecksniff was seated in the landlady's little room, and his visitor found him reading—by an accident: he apologised for it—an excellent theological work. There were cake and wine upon a little table—by another accident, for which he also apologised. Indeed he said, he had given his visitor up, and was about to partake of that simple refreshment with his children, when he knocked at the door.

"Your daughters are well?" said old Martin, laying down his hat and stick.

Mr. Pecksniff endeavoured to conceal his agitation as a father, when he answered, Yes, they were. They were good girls, he said, very good. He would not venture to recommend Mr. Chuzzlewit to take the easy chair, or to keep out of the draught from the door. If he made any such suggestion, he would expose himself, he feared, to most unjust suspicion. He would, therefore, content himself with remarking that there was an easy chair in the room; and that the door was far from being air-tight. This latter imperfection, he might perhaps venture to add, was not uncommonly to be met with in old houses.

The old man sat down in the easy chair, and after a few moments' silence, said:

"In the first place, let me thank you for coming to London so promptly, at my almost unexplained request : I need scarcely add, at my cost."

"At *your* cost, my good sir !" cried Mr. Pecksniff, in a tone of great surprise.

"It is not," said Martin, waving his hand impatiently, "my habit to put my—well ! my relatives—to any personal expense to gratify my caprices."

"Caprices, my good sir !" cried Mr. Pecksniff.

"That is scarcely the proper word either, in this instance," said the old man. "No. You are right."

Mr. Pecksniff was inwardly very much relieved to hear it, though he didn't at all know why.

"You are right," repeated Martin. "It is not a caprice. It is built up on reason, proof, and cool comparison. Caprices never are. Moreover, I am not a capricious man. I never was."

"Most assuredly not," said Mr. Pecksniff.

"How do you know ?" returned the other quickly. "You are to begin to know it now. You are to test and prove it, in time to come. You and yours are to find that I can be constant, and am not to be diverted from my end. Do you hear ?"

"Perfectly," said Mr. Pecksniff.

"I very much regret," Martin resumed, looking steadily at him, and speaking in a slow and measured tone : "I very much regret that you and I held such a conversation together, as that which passed between us, at our last meeting. I very much regret that I laid open to you what were then my thoughts of you, so freely as I did. The intentions that I bear towards you, now, are of another kind ; and, deserted by all in whom I have ever trusted, hoodwinked and beset by all who should help and sustain me ; I fly to you for refuge. I confide in you to be my ally ; to attach yourself to me by ties of Interest and Expectation—" he laid great stress upon these words, though Mr. Pecksniff particularly begged him not to mention it ; "and to help me to visit the consequences of the very worst species of meanness, dissimulation, and subtlety, on the right heads."

"My noble sir !" cried Mr. Pecksniff, catching at his outstretched hand. "And *you* regret the having harboured unjust thoughts of me ! *you* with those gray hairs !"

"Regrets," said Martin, "are the natural property of gray hairs ; and I enjoy, in common with all other men, at least my share of such inheritance. And so enough of that. I regret having been severed from you so long. If I had known you sooner, and sooner used you as you well deserve, I might have been a happier man."

Mr. Pecksniff looked up to the ceiling, and clasped his hands in rapture.

"Your daughters," said Martin, after a short silence. "I don't know them. Are they like you ?"

"In the nose of my eldest and the chin of my youngest, Mr. Chuzzlewit," returned the widower, "their sainted parent—not myself, their mother—lives again."

"I don't mean in person," said the old man. "Morally—morally."

"'Tis not for me to say," retorted Mr. Pecksniff with a gentle smile. "I have done my best, sir."

"I could wish to see them," said Martin; "are they near at hand?"

They were, very near; for they had, in fact, been listening at the door, from the beginning of this conversation until now, when they precipitately retired. Having wiped the signs of weakness from his eyes, and so given them time to get up stairs, Mr. Pecksniff opened the door, and mildly cried in the passage,

"My own darlings, where are you?"

"Here, my dear pa!" replied the distant voice of Charity.

"Come down into the back parlour, if you please, my love," said Mr. Pecksniff, "and bring your sister with you."

"Yes, my dear pa," cried Merry; and down they came directly (being all obedience), singing as they came.

Nothing could exceed the astonishment of the two Miss Pecksniffs when they found a stranger with their dear papa. Nothing could surpass their mute amazement when he said, "My children, Mr. Chuzzlewit!" But when he told them that Mr. Chuzzlewit and he were friends, and that Mr. Chuzzlewit had said such kind and tender words as pierced his very heart, the two Miss Pecksniffs cried with one accord, "Thank Heaven for this!" and fell upon the old man's neck. And when they had embraced him with such fervour of affection that no words can describe it, they grouped themselves about his chair, and hung over him: as figuring to themselves no earthly joy like that of ministering to his wants, and crowding into the remainder of his life the love they would have diffused over their whole existence, from infancy, if he—dear obdurate!—had but consented to receive the precious offering.

The old man looked attentively from one to the other, and then at Mr. Pecksniff, several times.

"What," he asked of Mr. Pecksniff, happening to catch his eye in its descent: for until now it had been piously upraised, with something of that expression which the poetry of ages has attributed to a domestic bird, when breathing its last amid the ravages of an electric storm: "What are their names?"

Mr. Pecksniff told him, and added, rather hastily—his calumniators would have said, with a view to any testamentary thoughts that might be fitting through old Martin's mind—"Perhaps, my dears, you had better write them down. Your humble autographs are of no value in themselves, but affection may prize them."

"Affection," said the old man, "will expend itself on the living originals. Do not trouble yourselves, my girls. I shall not so easily forget you, Charity and Mercy, as to need such tokens of remembrance. Cousin!"

"Sir!" said Mr. Pecksniff, with alacrity.

"Do you never sit down?"

"Why—yes—occasionally, sir," said Mr. Pecksniff, who had been standing all this time.

"Will you do so now?"

"Can you ask me," returned Mr. Pecksniff, slipping into a chair immediately, "whether I will do anything that you desire?"

"You talk confidently," said Martin, "and you mean well; but I fear you don't know what an old man's humours are. You don't know what it is to be required to court his likings and dislikings; adapt yourself to his prejudices; do his bidding, be it what it may; bear with his distrusts and jealousies; and always still be zealous in his service. When I remember how numerous these failings are in me, and judge of their occasional enormity by the injurious thoughts I lately entertained of you, I hardly dare to claim you for my friend."

"My worthy sir," returned his relative, "how *can* you talk in such a painful strain! What was more natural than that you should make one slight mistake, when in all other respects you were so very correct, and have had such reason—such very sad and undeniable reason—to judge of every one about you in the worst light!"

"True," replied the other. "You are very lenient with me."

"We always said—my girls and I," cried Mr. Pecksniff with increasing obsequiousness, "that while we mourned the heaviness of our misfortune in being confounded with the base and mercenary, still we could not wonder at it. My dears, you remember?"

Oh vividly! A thousand times!

"We uttered no complaint," said Mr. Pecksniff. "Occasionally we had the presumption to console ourselves with the remark that Truth would in the end prevail, and Virtue be triumphant; but not often. My loves, you recollect?"

Recollect! Could he doubt it? Dearest pa, what strange, unnecessary questions!

"And when I saw you," resumed Mr. Pecksniff, with still greater deference, "in the little, unassuming village where we take the liberty of dwelling, I said you were mistaken in me, my dear sir: that was all, I think?"

"No—not all," said Martin, who had been sitting with his hand upon his brow for some time past, and now looked up again: "you said much more, which, added to other circumstances that have come to my knowledge, opened my eyes. You spoke to me, disinterestedly, on behalf of—I needn't name him. You know whom I mean."

Trouble was expressed in Mr. Pecksniff's visage, as he pressed his hot hands together, and replied, with humility, "Quite disinterestedly, sir, I assure you."

"I know it," said old Martin, in his quiet way. "I am sure of it. I said so. It was disinterested too, in you, to draw that herd of harpies off from me, and be their victim yourself; most other men would have suffered them to display themselves in all their rapacity, and would have striven to rise, by contrast, in my estimation. You felt for me, and drew them off, for which I owe you many thanks. Although I left the place, I know what passed behind my back, you see!"

"You amaze me, sir!" cried Mr. Pecksniff: which was true enough.

"My knowledge of your proceedings," said the old man, "does not stop at this. You have a new inmate in your house—"

"Yes, sir," rejoined the architect, "I have."

"He must quit it," said Martin.

"For—for yours?" asked Mr. Pecksniff, with a quavering mildness.

"For any shelter he can find," the old man answered. "He has deceived you."

"I hope not," said Mr. Pecksniff, eagerly. "I trust not. I have been extremely well disposed towards that young man. I hope it cannot be shown that he has forfeited all claim to my protection. Deceit—deceit, my dear Mr. Chuzzlewit, would be final. I should hold myself bound, on proof of deceit, to renounce him instantly."

The old man glanced at both his fair supporters, but especially at Miss Mercy, whom, indeed, he looked full in the face, with a greater demonstration of interest than had yet appeared in his features. His gaze again encountered Mr. Pecksniff, as he said, composedly:

"Of course you know that he has made his matrimonial choice?"

"Oh dear!" cried Mr. Pecksniff, rubbing his hair up very stiff upon his head, and staring wildly at his daughters. "This is becoming tremendous!"

"You know the fact?" repeated Martin.

"Surely not without his grandfather's consent and approbation, my dear sir!" cried Mr. Pecksniff. "Don't tell me that. For the honour of human nature, say you're not about to tell me that!"

"I thought he had suppressed it!" said the old man.

The indignation felt by Mr. Pecksniff at this terrible disclosure, was only to be equalled by the kindling anger of his daughters. What! Had they taken to their hearth and home a secretly contracted serpent; a crocodile, who had made a furtive offer of his hand; an imposition on society; a bankrupt bachelor with no effects, trading with the spinster world on false pretences! And oh, to think that he should have disobeyed and practised on that sweet, that venerable gentleman, whose name he bore; that kind and tender guardian; his more than father—to say nothing at all of mother—horrible, horrible! To turn him out with ignominy would be treatment, much too good. Was there nothing else that could be done to him? Had he incurred no legal pains and penalties? Could it be that the statutes of the land were so remiss as to have affixed no punishment to such delinquency? Monster; how basely had they been deceived!

"I am glad to find you second me so warmly," said the old man, holding up his hand to stay the torrent of their wrath. "I will not deny that it is a pleasure to me to find you so full of zeal. We will consider that topic as disposed of."

"No, my dear sir," cried Mr. Pecksniff, "not as disposed of, until I have purged my house of this pollution."

"That will follow," said the old man, "in its own time. I look upon that as done."

"You are very good, sir," answered Mr. Pecksniff, shaking his hand. "You do me honour. You *may* look upon it as done, I assure you."

"There is another topic," said Martin, "on which I hope you will assist me. You remember Mary, cousin?"

"The young lady that I mentioned to you, my dears, as having interested me so very much," remarked Mr. Pecksniff. "Excuse my interrupting you, sir."

"I told you her history ;" said the old man.

"Which I also mentioned, you will recollect, my dears," cried Mr. Pecksniff. "Silly girls, Mr. Chuzzlewit—quite moved by it, they were !"

"Why, look now !" said Martin, evidently pleased: "I feared I should have had to urge her case upon you, and ask you to regard her favorably for my sake. But I find you have no jealousies ! Well ! You have no cause for any, to be sure. She has nothing to gain from me, my dears, and she knows it."

The two Miss Pecksniffs murmured their approval of this wise arrangement, and their cordial sympathy with its interesting object.

"If I could have anticipated what has come to pass between us four," said the old man, thoughtfully: "but it is too late to think of that. You would receive her courteously, young ladies, and be kind to her, if need were ?"

Where was the orphan whom the two Miss Pecksniffs would not have cherished in their sisterly bosom ! But when that orphan was commended to their care by one on whom the dammed-up love of years was gushing forth, what exhaustless stores of pure affection yearned to expend themselves upon her !

An interval ensued, during which Mr. Chuzzlewit, in an absent frame of mind, sat gazing at the ground, without uttering a word ; and as it was plain that he had no desire to be interrupted in his meditations, Mr. Pecksniff and his daughters were profoundly silent also. During the whole of the foregoing dialogue, he had borne his part with a cold, passionless promptitude, as though he had learned and painfully rehearsed it all, a hundred times. Even when his expressions were warmest and his language most encouraging, he had retained the same manner, without the least abatement. But now there was a keener brightness in his eye, and more expression in his voice, as he said, awakening from his thoughtful mood :

"You know what will be said of this ? Have you reflected ?"

"Said of what, my dear sir ?" Mr. Pecksniff asked.

"Of this new understanding between us."

Mr. Pecksniff looked benevolently sagacious, and at the same time far above all earthly misconception, as he shook his head, and observed that a great many things would be said of it, no doubt.

"A great many," rejoined the old man. "Some will say that I dote in my old age ; that illness has shaken me ; that I have lost all strength of mind ; and have grown childish. You can bear that ?"

Mr. Pecksniff answered that it would be dreadfully hard to bear, but he thought he could, if he made a great effort.

"Others will say—I speak of disappointed, angry people only—that you have lied, and fawned, and wormed yourself through dirty ways into my favour ; by such concessions and such crooked deeds, such mean-nesses and vile endurances, as nothing could repay : no, not the legacy of half the world we live in. You can bear that ?"

Mr. Pecksniff made reply that this would be also very hard to bear, as reflecting, in some degree, on the discernment of Mr. Chuzzlewit. Still he had a modest confidence that he could sustain the calumny, with the help of a good conscience, and that gentleman's friendship.

"With the great mass of slanderers," said old Martin, leaning back in his chair, "the tale, as I clearly foresee, will run thus: That to mark my contempt for the rabble whom I despised, I chose from among them the very worst, and made him do my will, and pampered and enriched him at the cost of all the rest. That after casting about for the means of a punishment which should rankle in the bosoms of these kites the most, and strike into their gall, I devised this scheme at a time when the last link in the chain of grateful love and duty, that held me to my race, was roughly snapped asunder: roughly, for I loved him well; roughly, for I had ever put my trust in his affection; roughly, for that he broke it when I loved him most—God help me!—and he without a pang could throw me off, the while I clung about his heart! Now," said the old man, dismissing this passionate outburst, as suddenly as he had yielded to it, "is your mind made up to bear this likewise? Lay your account with having it to bear, and put no trust in being set right by me."

"My dear Mr. Chuzzlewit," cried Pecksniff in an ecstasy, "for such a man as you have shown yourself to be this day; for a man so injured, yet so very humane; for a man so—I am at a loss what precise term to use—yet at the same time so remarkably—I don't know how to express my meaning; for such a man as I have described, I hope it is no presumption to say that I, and I am sure I may add my children also (my dears, we perfectly agree in this, I think?), would bear anything whatever!"

"Enough," said Martin. "You can charge no consequences on me. When do you return home?"

"Whenever you please, my dear sir. To-night, if you desire it."

"I desire nothing," returned the old man, "that is unreasonable. Such a request would be. Will you be ready to return at the end of this week?"

The very time of all others that Mr. Pecksniff would have suggested if it had been left to him to make his own choice. As to his daughters—the words, "Let us be at home on Saturday, dear pa," were actually upon their lips.

"Your expenses, cousin," said Martin, taking a folded slip of paper from his pocket-book, "may possibly exceed that amount. If so, let me know the balance that I owe you, when we next meet. It would be useless if I told you where I live just now: indeed, I have no fixed abode. When I have, you shall know it. You and your daughters may expect to see me before long: in the mean time I need not tell you, that we keep our own confidence. What you will do when you get home, is understood between us. Give me no account of it at any time; and never refer to it in any way. I ask that, as a favour. I am commonly a man of few words, cousin; and all that need be said just now is said, I think."

"One glass of wine—one morsel of this homely cake?" cried Mr. Pecksniff, venturing to detain him. "My dears!—"

The sisters flew to wait upon him.

"Poor girls!" said Mr. Pecksniff. "You will excuse their agitation, my dear sir. They are made up of feeling. A bad commodity to go through the world with, Mr. Chuzzlewit! My youngest daughter is almost as much of a woman as my eldest, is she not, sir?"

"Which is the youngest," asked the old man.

"Mercy, by five years," said Mr. Pecksniff. "We sometimes venture to consider her rather a fine figure, sir. Speaking as an artist, I may perhaps be permitted to suggest, that its outline is graceful and correct. I am naturally," said Mr. Pecksniff, drying his hands upon his handkerchief, and looking anxiously in his cousin's face at almost every word, "proud, if I may use the expression, to have a daughter who is constructed upon the best models."

"She seems to have a lively disposition," observed Martin.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Pecksniff, "that is quite remarkable. You have defined her character, my dear sir, as correctly as if you had known her from her birth. She *has* a lively disposition. I assure you, my dear sir, that in our unpretending home, her gaiety is delightful."

"No doubt," returned the old man.

"Charity, upon the other hand," said Mr. Pecksniff, "is remarkable for strong sense, and for rather a deep tone of sentiment, if the partiality of a father may be excused in saying so. A wonderful affection between them, my dear sir! Allow me to drink your health. Bless you!"

"I little thought," retorted Martin, "but a month ago, that I should be breaking bread and pouring wine with you. I drink to you."

Not at all abashed by the extraordinary abruptness with which these latter words were spoken, Mr. Pecksniff thanked him devoutly.

"Now let me go," said Martin, putting down the wine when he had merely touched it with his lips. "My dears, good morning!"

But this distant form of farewell was by no means tender enough for the yearnings of the young ladies, who again embraced him with all their hearts—with all their arms at any rate—to which parting caresses their new-found friend submitted with a better grace than might have been expected from one who, not a moment before, had pledged their parent in such a very uncomfortable manner. These endearments terminated, he took a hasty leave of Mr. Pecksniff, and withdrew, followed to the door by both father and daughters, who stood there, kissing their hands, and beaming with affection until he disappeared: though, by the way, he never once looked back, after he had crossed the threshold.

When they returned into the house, and were again alone in Mrs. Todgers's room, the two young ladies exhibited an unusual amount of gaiety; inasmuch that they clapped their hands, and laughed, and looked with roguish aspects and a bantering air upon their dear papa. This conduct was so very unaccountable, that Mr. Pecksniff (being singularly grave himself) could scarcely choose but ask them what it meant; and took them to task, in his gentle manner, for yielding to such light emotions.

"If it was possible to divine any cause for this merriment, even the most remote," he said, "I should not reprove you. But when you can have none whatever—oh, really—really!"

This admonition had so little effect on Mercy, that she was obliged to hold her handkerchief before her rosy lips, and to throw herself back in her chair, with every demonstration of extreme amusement; which want of duty so offended Mr. Pecksniff that he reproved her in set terms, and gave her his parental advice to correct herself in solitude and contemplation. But at that juncture they were disturbed by the sound of voices in dispute; and as it proceeded from the next room, the subject matter of the altercation quickly reached their ears.

"I don't care that! Mrs. Todgers," said the young gentleman who had been the youngest gentleman in company on the day of the festival; "I don't care *that*, ma'am," said he, snapping his fingers, "for Jinkins. Don't suppose I do."

"I am quite certain you don't, sir," replied Mrs. Todgers. "You have too independent a spirit, I know, to yield to anybody. And quite right. There is no reason why you should give way to any gentleman. Everybody must be well aware of that."

"I should think no more of admitting daylight into the fellow," said the youngest gentleman, in a desperate voice, "than if he was a bull-dog."

Mrs. Todgers did not stop to inquire whether, as a matter of principle, there was any particular reason for admitting daylight even into a bull-dog, otherwise than by the natural channel of his eyes: but she seemed to wring her hands: and she moaned.

"Let him be careful," said the youngest gentleman. "I give him warning. No man shall step between me and the current of my vengeance. I know a Cove—" he used that familiar epithet in his agitation, but corrected himself, by adding, "a gentleman of property, I mean, who practises with a pair of pistols (fellows too,) of his own. If I am driven to borrow 'em, and to send a friend to Jinkins,—a tragedy will get into the papers. That's all."

Again Mrs. Todgers moaned.

"I have borne this long enough," said the youngest gentleman, "but now my soul rebels against it, and I won't stand it any longer. I left home originally, because I had that within me which wouldn't be domineered over by a sister; and do you think I'm going to be put down by *him*? No."

"It is very wrong in Mr. Jinkins; I know it is perfectly inexcusable in Mr. Jinkins, if he intends it," observed Mrs. Todgers.

"If he intends it!" cried the youngest gentleman. "Don't he interrupt and contradict me on every occasion? Does he ever fail to interpose himself between me and anything or anybody that he sees I have set my mind upon? Does he make a point of always pretending to forget me, when he's pouring out the beer? Does he make bragging remarks about his razors, and insulting allusions to people who have no necessity to shave more than once a week? But let him look out; he'll find himself shaved, pretty close, before long; and so I tell him!"

The young gentleman was mistaken in this closing sentence, inasmuch as he never told it to Jinkins, but always to Mrs. Todgers.

"However," he said, "these are not proper subjects for ladies' ears. All I've got to say to you, Mrs. Todgers, is,—a week's notice from next Saturday. The same house can't contain that miscreant and me any longer. If we get over the intermediate time without bloodshed, you may think yourself pretty fortunate. I don't myself expect we shall."

"Dear, dear!" cried Mrs. Todgers, "what would I have given to have prevented this! To lose you, sir, would be like losing the house's right-hand. So popular as you are among the gentlemen; so generally looked up to; and so much liked! I do hope you'll think better of it; if on nobody else's account, on mine."

"There's Jinkins," said the youngest gentleman, moodily. "Your favourite. He'll console you and the gentlemen too for the loss of twenty such as me. I'm not understood in this house. I never have been."

"Don't run away with that opinion, sir!" cried Mrs. Todgers, with a show of honest indignation. "Don't make such a charge as that against the establishment, I must beg of you. It is not so bad as that comes to, sir. Make any remark you please against the gentlemen, or against me; but don't say you're not understood in this house."

"I'm not treated as if I was," said the youngest gentleman.

"There you make a great mistake, sir," returned Mrs. Todgers, in the same strain. "As many of the gentlemen and I have often said, you are too sensitive. That's where it is. You are of too susceptible a nature; it's in your spirit."

The young gentleman coughed.

"And as," said Mrs. Todgers, "as to Mr. Jinkins, I must beg of you, if we *are* to part, to understand that I don't abet Mr. Jinkins by any means. Far from it. I could wish that Mr. Jinkins would take a lower tone in this establishment; and would not be the means of raising differences between me and gentlemen that I can much less bear to part with, than I could with him. Mr. Jinkins is not such a boarder, sir," added Mrs. Todgers, "that all considerations of private feeling and respect give way before him. Quite the contrary, I assure you."

The young gentleman was so much mollified by these and similar speeches on the part of Mrs. Todgers, that he and that lady gradually changed positions; so that she became the injured party, and he was understood to be the injurer; but in a complimentary, not in an offensive sense; his cruel conduct being attributable to his exalted nature, and to that alone. So, in the end, the young gentleman withdrew his notice, and assured Mrs. Todgers of his unalterable regard: and having done so, went back to business.

"Goodness me, Miss Pecksniffs!" cried that lady, as she came into the back room, and sat wearily down, with her basket on her knees, and her hands folded upon it, "what a trial of temper it is to keep a house like this! You must have heard most of what has just passed. Now did you ever hear the like?"

"Never!" said the two Miss Pecksniffs.

"Of all the ridiculous young fellows that ever I had to deal with," resumed Mrs. Todgers, "that is the most ridiculous and unreasonable. Mr. Jenkins is hard upon him sometimes, but not half as hard as he deserves. To mention such a gentleman as Mr. Jenkins, in the same breath with *him*—you know it's too much! and yet he's as jealous of him, bless you, as if he was his equal."

The young ladies were greatly entertained by Mrs. Todgers's account, no less than with certain anecdotes illustrative of the youngest gentleman's character, which she went on to tell them. But Mr. Pecksniff looked quite stern and angry: and when she had concluded, said in a solemn voice:

"Pray, Mrs. Todgers, if I may inquire, what does that young gentleman contribute towards the support of these premises?"

"Why, sir, for what *he* has, he pays about eighteen shillings a week," said Mrs. Todgers.

"Eighteen shillings a week!" repeated Mr. Pecksniff.

"Taking one week with another; as near that as possible," said Mrs. Todgers.

Mr. Pecksniff rose from his chair, folded his arms, looked at her, and shook his head.

"And do you mean to say, ma'am—is it possible, Mrs. Todgers—that for such a miserable consideration as eighteen shillings a week, a female of your understanding can so far demean herself as to wear a double face, even for an instant?"

"I am forced to keep things on the square if I can, sir," faltered Mrs. Todgers. "I must preserve peace among them, and keep my connection together, if possible, Mr. Pecksniff. The profit is very small."

"The profit!" cried that gentleman, laying great stress upon the word. "The profit, Mrs. Todgers! You amaze me!"

He was so severe, that Mrs. Todgers shed tears.

"The profit!" repeated Mr. Pecksniff. "The profit of dissimulation! To worship the golden calf of Baal, for eighteen shillings a week!"

"Don't in your own goodness be too hard upon me, Mr. Pecksniff," cried Mrs. Todgers, taking out her handkerchief.

"Oh Calf, Calf!" cried Mr. Pecksniff mournfully. "Oh Baal, Baal! oh my friend Mrs. Todgers! To barter away that precious jewel, self-esteem, and cringe to any mortal creature—for eighteen shillings a week!"

He was so subdued and overcome by the reflection, that he immediately took down his hat from its peg in the passage, and went out for a walk, to compose his feelings. Anybody passing him in the street might have known him for a good man at first sight; for his whole figure teemed with a consciousness of the moral homily he had read to Mrs. Todgers.

Eighteen shillings a week! Just, most just, thy censure, upright Pecksniff! Had it been for the sake of a ribbon, star, or garter; sleeves of lawn, a great man's smile, a seat in parliament, a tap upon the shoulder from a courtly sword; a place, a party, or a thriving lie, or eighteen thousand pounds, or even eighteen hundred;—but to worship the golden calf for eighteen shillings a week! oh pitiful, pitiful!

EAGLE LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

3, Crescent, Bridge Street, Blackfriars.

ESTABLISHED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT, 1807.

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TABLES—Shewing what amount the ordinary Premium for £5000. in other Offices, will immediately secure in the Eagle.

MALE TABLE.				FEMALE TABLE.			
AGE	In Offices using the common Northampton Table	For the same Premium may be insured in the Eagle	Fixed, immediate and irrevocable Bonus secured by selection of the Eagle	AGE	In Offices using the common Northampton Table	For the same Premium may be insured in the Eagle	Fixed, immediate and irrevocable Bonus secured by selection of the Eagle
10	£5000	£5771	£771	20	£5000	£6212	£1212
20	5000	5127	127	30	5000	6185	1188
30	5000	5363	363	40	5000	6174	1174
40	5000	5279	279	50	5000	6045	1045
50	5000	4910	none	60	5000	5558	558

From the distinction of the Sexes, the Tables are so various and voluminous, that it is impossible to insert more than specimens of the decennial periods in this notice, but full details may be known by application at the Office.

A TABLE, shewing the Payments required to assure £100. ON THE DEATH OF A MALE.

AGE next Birth- day.	If within One Year, not renewable	If within Seven Years Ann. Payment renewable for 7 Years only	WHENEVER IT MAY HAPPEN					
			Payable Annually for 5 Years only	Payable Annually for 10 Years only	Payable for the whole of Life			
					Quarterly	Half-yearly	Yearly	
10	£ s d 0 13 4	£ s d 0 13 9	£ s d 8 3 6	£ s d 4 9 0	£ s d 0 8 3	£ s d 0 16 5	£ s d 1 12 7	
20	1 2 1	1 6 3	9 15 3	5 9 2	0 10 10	1 1 6	2 2 6	
30	1 10 9	1 12 2	10 17 6	5 19 10	0 12 8	1 5 3	2 9 10	
40	1 15 4	1 17 4	12 10 9	6 18 7	0 16 6	1 12 8	3 4 4	
50	2 3 5	2 12 3	14 18 9	8 9 6	1 3 8	2 6 11	4 12 4	
60	3 17 1	4 7 11	17 19 3	10 10 6	1 15 9	3 10 8	6 18 2	

ON THE DEATH OF A FEMALE.

AGE next Birth- day.	If within One Year, not renewable	If within Seven Years Ann. Payment renewable for 7 Years only	WHENEVER IT MAY HAPPEN					
			Payable Annually for 5 Years only	Payable Annually for 10 Years only	Payable for the Whole of Life			
					Quarterly	Half-yearly	Yearly	
10	£ s d 0 13 0	£ s d 0 13 9	£ s d 7 8 9	£ s d 4 0 11	£ s d 0 7 2	£ s d 0 14 2	£ s d 1 8 1	
20	1 1 0	1 5 0	8 15 4	4 16 0	0 8 11	0 17 9	1 15 1	
30	1 7 0	1 8 9	10 0 7	5 10 6	0 11 0	1 1 10	2 3 2	
40	1 13 1	1 13 9	11 13 7	6 8 7	0 14 0	1 7 10	2 15 0	
50	1 15 11	1 17 3	13 15 9	7 13 0	0 19 2	1 18 0	3 15 0	
60	2 15 2	3 7 0	16 17 0	9 11 9	1 9 6	2 18 4	5 14 7	

TABLE of the Annual Payment required to be made during Marriage to secure an Annuity of £100. to the Wife in the event of the decease of the Husband.

The Annuity selected for illustration is £100.; but any less or larger amount may be secured; the rates vary with every combination of Age. The exact amount may be known by communicating to the Office the date of birth of each party. This mode of Assurance is useful where a Widow only is to be provided for.

AGE OF WIFE.	AGE OF HUSBAND.				
	Equal Age with the Wife.	5 Years older than Wife.	10 Years older than Wife.	15 Years older than Wife.	20 Years older than Wife.
20	35 4 6	37 13 8	41 13 3	48 1 5	57 4 5
30	34 17 5	40 4 0	48 3 7	59 16 3	77 17 0
40	38 2 4	47 13 4	63 4 10	83 5 7	107 8 7
50	47 1 11	62 16 1	82 3 2	112 12 3	153 14 2
60	56 3 7	78 3 6	108 13 2	150 16 7	234 13 2

Form of Proposal

TO THE EAGLE INSURANCE COMPANY.

The Name, Residence and Profession of the Person in whose behalf the Policy is to be.
The Name, Residence and Profession of the Person whose Life is proposed for Insurance.
The Place and Date of Birth. Term of the proposed Insurance. Amount.
The Name and Address of the ordinary Medical Attendant of the Life to be Insured.
The Name and Address of a private friend.

These particulars should be transmitted to the Actuary, who will afford any further information which may be required.

The particular rates of Premium for Survivorships, Endowments, Joint Lives, the Ascending Scale and other Life Contingencies, Forms of Proposal, Declaration, Prospectus, &c.—may be obtained by personal application at the Office of the Company, or by Letter addressed to the Actuary.

HENRY P. SMITH, Actuary.

CORN LAWS.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE WORKS* OF

COL. T. PERRONET THOMPSON,

AUTHOR OF THE "CATECHISM ON THE CORN LAWS."

Selected and Classified by R. Cobden, Esq., M.P., and published with the consent of the Author.

A PROPHECY.—"So long as the necessities of the state can be supplied without any remarkable alteration in the present mode of collection, the Corn Laws may have a chance to stand. But the first necessity for any change, will probably bring them in ruins upon the heads of the monopolists. For instance, the first proposal of a Property Tax—which is a thing already whispered as possible—would set all who have property, on the discovery, that the Property Tax was only a subscription to maintain the landlords in an unjust gain. It is in fact totally incredible that any nation would acquiesce in the imposition of a Property Tax, when the whole necessity and demand for such an infliction arose out of the determination of the dominant party to lay restraints upon the industry of the community."—Vol. I., p. 94. *Westminster Review*, 1 July, 1829.

ANOTHER PREDICTION.—"Yes,—the tithe is to be commuted, not into a permanent payment in money, but into a permanent payment of so many quarters of corn or the value thereof. And what is the effect of this? Manifestly to attach the interests of the clergy for ever and for ever to the conservation of the Corn Laws. A clergyman is to receive annually the value of, say 100 quarters of corn. If corn is at 8s. a quarter, he is to have £400 a-year; and if at 20s., he is to have £100. But perhaps somebody will say, this is only making the substantial value of the clergy-

man's income permanent, or the same under all variations of the price of corn. No, simpleton, it is not; it is giving him a great deal more when corn is dear, and a great deal less when it is cheap. It makes it all the same to him, *with respect to that portion of his income which he expends on corn*; but with respect to all the rest, it makes him partake in the great plot to pillage every industry in the country for the benefit of the owners of the rent of land. If the clergyman when he has £400 a-year spends £100 of it upon bread or agricultural produce, he gets exactly the same bread which he would for £25 when corn was a quarter the price and his income £100. But for the remaining £300, does he get no more than he would get under the other circumstances for the £75? Is it not plain that he receives just the same advantage as any other corn lord?—in other words, that he has the same interest in keeping up the pillage of the commercial and manufacturing community. Do the wages of industry and the price of manufactured goods rise fourfold when corn rises fourfold? If they did, what temptation would there be to the landlords to maintain the Corn Laws? It is because they do *not* rise in the same proportion, that the landlords persist in their iniquity, and that Hull must be half a Hull, till we can muster sense, and spirit, and union, to bring them to a composition."—Vol. IV., p. 68. *Letters of a Representative*, 10 Feb., 1836.

* Exercises, Political and others, by Lieut. Colonel T. Perronet Thompson, in 6 volumes. Ellingham Wilson, London.

[J. GADSBY, PRINTER, MANCHESTER.]

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

"The proper business of every man and every hour, is to know as much as he can of political economy. Not but it may also be desirable that he should learn something of arithmetic and book-keeping by double entry, be acquainted with the properties of the lever and inclined plane, and have a portion of information touching the nature of the planetary motions and the divisions of the surface of the terraqueous globe. But all these acquirements may only render him a useful slave; and the other is the education which must enable him to keep the benefit of his labours for himself. It has indeed long been defined to be the science of preventing our betters from defrauding us; which is sufficient to account for its being eagerly pursued on one hand, and vilified on the other."—Vol. II., p. 167. *W. R.*, 1 July, 1832.

"Political economy might not unreasonably be defined, the art of preventing ourselves from being plundered by our betters. It is the grand expositor of the peccadilloes of those who volunteer to benefit mankind by governing; its professors form the great Antifelon Association of modern times. It picks up swindlers of all calibres, as the *Roc* does elephants; and is a very ferret to the vermin that nestle in our barns and manufactories."—Vol. II., p. 15. *W. R.*, 1 Jan., 1832.

"Object of the science which has been known by the title of Political Economy.—First, what it is not. It does not mean a politic economizing at the expense of the poor. Next then, what it is.

"*Economy* means 'keeping a house in order.'

"*Political* is that which 'relates to the many.'

"Mrs. Marcet's then, was the best definition of Political Economy. What domestic economy is to a family, that Political Economy is to a nation.

"*National Economy*,' after the Germans, is a better term. If it had been always used, the ideas of the public would have been much clearer on the subject than they are.

"National Economy has for its object the best means of obtaining and distributing *wealth*. But what is *wealth*?

"*Wealth* is well-being. 'In all time of our tribulation, in all time of our *wealth*.'

"National Economy then, applies to the raising up of the greatest quantity of happiness, through the instrumentality of the products of industry. And what good thing is there that is not affected from this cause?

"National Economy therefore is the proper business of every man and every hour. We all practise it, either good or bad; like Molière's man, who without knowing it, had all his life been speaking prose.

"It is the science, in fact, of preventing our being defrauded by our betters."—Vol. IV., p. 370. *Lectures, Dec.*, 1836.

THE POOR RATES.—"The Poor Rates are God and nature's judgment on the dishonesty of the landed interest in shutting up the industry of the country by Act of Parliament; '*the eighteen-penny children are eating them up*.' Every poor man, agricultural or other, that is brought upon the poor-rates for relief, is brought there by the immediate act of the men who lord it over him at quarter sessions and parish vestries, as much as if they had made an Act of Parliament saying, 'Be it enacted, that Hob Carter and Giles Ploughman, shall never have a shilling in their pockets without the squire of the parish, taking sixpence of it to keep his coach-horses.' The rural population will be long before they see this; but all things are found out in time. The object of the squircarchy now, is to preserve the wrong and get rid of the penalty. The whole system of Poor Rate economizing, *if not combined with taking off the restrictions that create the poor*, is only improving the machinery for making the poor die quietly, and with the least disturbance to those who live sumptuously by grinding them down."—Vol. III., p. 69. *Progr. to W. R.*, 1 April, 1834.

WAGES AND FOOD.—"It is not true that when corn rises, the labourers will obtain the same real wages as before. For corn can only rise in consequence of its being scarce; and to say the labourers get the same real wages when food is scarce as when it is plentiful, is to say they get as much food when it is not there as when it is. If the rise in the price of food is permanent, their numbers *will not* be kept up."—Vol. IV., p. 489. *Catechism on the Laws*.

MASTERS AND MEN.

"There will always be working men desiring to have more than they get, and masters desiring to pay less than they do; and between these there may always be a sort of contest going on, and it is very likely that no way will ever be hit upon, for reducing the matter to a settled rule which shall equally satisfy all parties. But this is no excuse for anybody's overlooking the truth, that there are great and common interests

in seeing the general concern go on with as much of success as it is possible to give it. The working men may be always interested in receiving a shilling more, and the master in paying a shilling less, and yet this not at all affect the fact, that the prosperity of the concern at large is what all must stand by, and that this is the thing which will settle all disputes, by making the master as glad to pay higher wages, as he now is to pay smaller. If any man says, the master is a keen hand, and will never pay the higher wages if the smaller ones will do; answer, that it is just because the smaller will not do, that he will pay the higher. An improved trade brings better profits, and more of them to the master; and the first thing this puts him upon, is bidding for more and better hands, for the sake of what he shall get by it; and so he serves out one portion of his increased profits in increased wages, to secure the other."—Vol. V., p. 234.

"The strength of the oppressors of industry at the present hour, lies in the tendency of men to look for what the Spanish proverb calls 'better bread than is made of wheat.' They are gazing after some great change they expect from the heavens, and all the time the little earthly pickpockets are ridding them of their substance. To have good trade where it can be got, and with it good wages and good profits, is really all there is in trade, and ever will be.—Vol. V., p. 452.

POPULATION.

"It is a cruel joke to talk about the evils of an increasing population, when that population is cut off by law from the power of selling the produce of its labour, for the interest of a robber caste; who tell us plainly, that like the French *noblesse*, they will pay no taxes, unless they may have liberty to take the amount again from other people, and who, if speedy change of mind be not vouchsafed them, will come to the same rough end."—Vol. II., p. 269. *W. R.*, 1 Oct., 1832.

"The time is not far off when the public will discover, that the true criterion of the general happiness, the real measure of a home statesman's talent, is in the degree in which he provides for the honest gratification of the master passion, the tyrant instinct, which alone sustains the tragedy of life, and prevents its comedy from being contemptible. To put the proposition in mathematical terms, the *fluxion of the population* is the measure of the public happiness. What a hateful world would this have

been, if in addition to all the other ills of life, it had been really true, that man was sent here only to wink and nod at lovely woman through the grate of the preventive check. For moderate prudence, decent foresight, there must under all possible states of society be an incessant call. But the blunder that plays into the hands of squire-made law, and cuts off all the poetry and all the charities of life, to gratify the public enemy with wealth which after all turns only to dust and ashes in his grasp,—can last no longer than till warm hearts and cool heads apply themselves to crush the public feud by showing to all classes the folly of the whole."—Vol. III., p. 164. *W. R.*, 1 Jan., 1835.

"The plenty of food leads to population, and the power of populating is the measure, the gauge, of public happiness. It so happens that populating is the very first thing men like to expend their competence upon. The public in fact, takes out its happiness in population. It is true that this populating tends directly to reduce its own materials; and so does eating, a pudding. But the eating is the happiness. There are those who counsel, there should be no pudding, because, they say, eating will reduce it. The best of puddings, they are prepared to prove a temporary blessing; whence they infer, that the whole race is naught. This is not an unfair representation, of some arguments afloat on corn."—Vol. II., p. 396. *W. R.*, 1 April, 1833.

"The strength of the country must depend upon food, population, and manufactures; or upon some or other of them. And all these must be cut down together, by having two bushels of corn instead of four.

"A country which permits a legal limit to be drawn about its quantity of food, and is surrounded with rival countries which either are not confined by similar enactments, or have not reached the point where such enactments are severely felt, must decline from day to day in relative importance;—because it cuts off by its own act, the means of preserving its position in the race. Neither France nor America needs be anxious to keep down the power of Great Britain, as long as its landlords can decide that it shall not be permitted to advance."—Vol. IV., p. 485. *Catechism on the Corn Laws*.

"If Noah had shut himself up in his ark, and let his family eat nothing but what could be grown upon his decks, he would soon have had an outcry against population, and an Emigration Committee; and Shem,

Ham, and Japhet would have been 'distressed manufacturers.' And instead of reading lectures on not multiplying, his remedy would have been to let in foreign corn.

"A commercial and manufacturing nation has or ought to have, like Noah, no limit but the world. What he was to do by digging, it can do by spinning and inducing other men to dig. The steppes of Tartary and prairies of America, are so many pledges that it need be yet but in the youth of its existence. What is to come next, when the world is filled up, it does not seem necessary to determine in this present parliament. What is clear is, that the felicity of the existing generation depends upon progression, as it did with Noah. It can make no difference, except in the size of the experiment, whether men are confined to the corn of an ark or of an island.

"There is no doubt of the general truth, that men may multiply faster than the means of support. But they have a right to demand a fair field for finding their support. They are not bound to exercise the *Malthusian* continence, upon an artificial limitation to please the landlords."

"Mr. Malthus has described to a hair's breadth the consequences of a population increasing beyond the limits of its food; and no man has been able to gainsay a word of his discoveries. He has demonstrated everything relating to the caged birds, except one thing—*why there should be a cage*. He has omitted to point out, that when God said 'Increase and multiply,' it was not added 'And let there be landlords upon the earth, to make corn laws for them that dwell therein;'—that manufactures and commerce are God's solution of the difficulty, and were given to be a dispensing and equalizing power, whereby the inhabitants of old countries should be partakers in His design of universal replenishment, with as much comfort as the more immediate actors in the process. And truly a fearful thing it is, that any men or set of men should be allowed to stand between us and God's mercies, saying to us and to God, 'Hitherto shall ye go, and no farther; and here shall ye be stayed for our unjust gain.'"

"All the evils produced among us by the pressure of population, are of Corn-Law formation. The landlords said Be, and it was so."—Vol. IV., p. 505. *Catechism on the Corn Laws*.

"Suppose the case of an island newly peopled. At first, probably, the occupation of cultivator and manufacturer will be, to a great extent, combined; but as numbers in-

crease, there will be a division of labour, and the man that makes shoes, will buy with them a portion of his neighbour's corn. In the beginning, as is found to be generally the case in new countries, these artisans will be well paid, that is, they will get a copious supply of corn in return for their day's work. But if the numbers on the island increase till they begin to press against the food which the soil can supply, they must bid one against another, and so get less and less. What will in fact be given for corn, will be just so much as will induce the people who are to eat it, to agree about the division of it. This, and this only, will be the measure of the price of corn. The price of corn, therefore, will rise; and as this increase of price has no dependence on the cost of cultivating the land, the price for which the corn will sell will soon be more than the cost of production, and the difference will be *rent*. But to make this rent, the manufacturers give more hours' work for the same quantity of corn.

"This increase of toil to the manufacturing classes in the island, will be greatly and substantially alleviated, if after the population has begun to press on the limits of the supply of food, there are other islands from which food can be procured in exchange for manufactured goods. But suppose the landowners have the power to prohibit foreign exchanges for food. The consequences will be the same in kind, as if a town should shut its gates, and resolve to allow no food but such as was grown within the walls. Estimate the consequences; try all objections and proposals by this parallel.

"Suppose it were urged to you, that it would make the landowners rich within the walls, and what was good for one class must be good for another.

"Suppose it was argued, as an objection to opening the gates, that the growers of corn within the walls would be obliged to take to manufacturing pursuits, and this would ruin you by reducing wages.

"Suppose you were offered a protection a-piece in turn, as a bribe for allowing the gates to be kept shut.

"Would not each and every of these fallacies be answered by you on the spot?

"Note too, how certain it is that the landowners within the walls, and their labourers, must be brought to the grindstone in the end. When you had multiplied till you bid against one another to starvation point, would not the agricultural labourers have done the same? Had the gates been open, and you been allowed to buy food

with your manufactures outside, the children of the agriculturists might have found employment by joining in your ranks. But this is made impossible. They can, therefore, in the end, be no better off than you. There may have been a single flush of advantage to their trade at the time the gates were shut; but when that is over, they will only find they are five instead of four, and that the five are worse off than the four, and without chance of mending their condition.

"To the landowners the evil must in time extend, through the impossibility of finding maintenance for their children except by subdividing their estates. And this none of them can escape, except such as are either to have no children, or to have some way of keeping them at the public expense."—Vol. IV., p. 379. *Lectures*, Dec., 1836.

"If it should be urged, that there must always come a time when population will press against food, and therefore there is no use in attempting to escape it; this would be like urging, that there is no use in a man's escaping from being murdered now, because he will not be immortal afterwards. There is all the difference in the world, between enduring an evil by the will of Providence, and by the act of man. Human life in the whole, is but the procrastination of death; but that is no reason why men should be killed just now, for other men's convenience. There may come a time when there will be no coal to burn, no iron to make tools, and perhaps no salt left in the sea; but this is no reason why something should not be made of the interval which must intervene. The time when population will press irremediably against food, must to a great manufacturing and naval people, be almost as remote as the time when there will be no salt left in the sea. And come when it may, it must always come gradually; which is by itself no small diminution of the mischief. The maximum of contingent evil in prospect, is only equal to what it is proposed to bring on at once now; and all the world must be cleared and peopled, before the evil can arrive."—Vol. IV., p. 477. *Catechism on the Corn Laws*. Feb., 1827.

"When Prussia wants no more manufactures, we must try Tartary; and so on till the world is filled up. As to what may take place then, it is like saying to Noah, 'Never think of going out of your ark. You have no notion how soon the world will be filled up. Show some prudence and economy, and stay where you are.'"—Vol. IV., p. 566. *Catechism on the Corn Laws*.

THE CAGED RATS.

"Suppose now, that a hundred rats, instead of being mercifully killed in five minutes by the celebrated dog Billy, were caged up and supplied with a limited quantity of food, and encouraged to multiply till they starved each other by the subdivision of the allowance;—and say whether this picture, ugly and disgusting as it is, is not a representation of the condition in which the country has been placed by the influence of the monopolists. Imagine next a well-dressed man, with all the ensigns of respectability and good-fellowship about him, declaiming on the misery of the sufferers with the remains of a tartlet in his mouth, and pointing out to the spectators the different forms and aspects of the process. 'See that individual of the softer sex, with thirteen helpless young ones dependent on it for support. Their whole allowance is but fifteen grains a day; and there are people who would ruin the whole rat-trap by letting in foreign corn. Observe the 'father of the cottage,' with his ribs clinging together and no fur upon his back, brooding over the fate of his suffering family, over whom his heart is yearning and breaking. That poor creature with his ear bitten off, is from Congleton. The insurrectionary cock-tail in the middle is from Macclesfield. The Coventry rats are in a corner by themselves. From Rochdale, Manchester, and Barnsley, they are all alike; there is not a pin to chuse. Would to God my voice could reach them and be listened to [here quote sundry texts of Scripture and swallow the remains of the tartlet]. Why do not they agitate for bread? Why do not they turn tooth and nail upon the wretches who would murder them by letting in foreign produce?' The application may not be complimentary; but till it is shown in what way a starving people are to be fed by shutting out supplies and taking from each other, it is an exact representation of the politics of the monopolists."—Vol. I., p. 206. *W. R.*, 1 Jan. 1830.

"When a great oppression is to be maintained, the most effectual way of doing it, whether by design or not, is to get up an outcry of another oppression somewhere else. If the rats in a cage were stocking-makers, the best thing that could be done for keeping them from resisting the master oppression which sets them all starving upon a limited quantity of food, would be to persuade the workmen rats it was all the fault of the master rats, and so put them on trying their teeth on one another, instead of the cage which is the foundation of the mischief."—Vol. VI., p. 281. *Leicestershire Mer*

EMIGRATION.

"The palliative proposed at present, is to colonize; in other words, to force the people of England to breed, as is done by the negroes in some of the West-Indian islands, for exportation. To which the direct answer is, that nobody has a right to make laws which shall force the people of England to transport themselves. They love their own country; and will not have it made uninhabitable, to please the aristocracy. The plan of the landed aristocracy is this; that England shall have no more corn than *they* shall sell, and then the competition for it will insure high prices; but to diminish the danger of resistance that might ensue, the people shall be taxed to pay for sending one another abroad. The transportation is to be the landlord's *valve*; which shall prevent the machine from blowing up, but leave the owners as much pressure as without danger can be enjoyed."—Vol. I., p. 368. *Westminster Review*, 1 Jan., 1831.

"To pay a million for preventing the people from keeping themselves, and a million more for carrying part of them away, is paying twice for poverty.

"Emigration may have a tendency to let off the evil at a certain point; but there can be no right to inflict the evil till men ask for transportation as a relief. Emigration is a valve; the pains of transportation the weight upon it; and the landlords have the benefit of the high pressure.

"Every English manufacturer, therefore, who is driven to emigrate, is an innocent man 'condemned to transportation for the interest of the landlords.'"—Vol. IV., p. 506. *Catechism on the Corn Laws*.

"When a man is found dying by strangulation, people do not say 'Help him to emigrate,' but 'Take away the rope that is choking him.' If the individuals of known humanity who declare themselves friendly to emigration, saw the thing in its true light, they would say to the suffering classes, 'Do not emigrate. Stay at home and ask for the removal of the Corn Laws. Do not do the very thing your enemies wish you to do. Things will mend. It is no more likely that there will be Corn Laws a few years hence, than that there will be a Slave Trade. The country would be worth staying in, if industry was free; and it will have freedom by and by. Do not give up everything you love, because there is a majority in parliament this year, which may be a minority the next. Every day is opening men's eyes; and the wealthier classes, who have more power and more means of removing a mis-

chief than you have, are coming over to you, and finding out that your interests and theirs coincide. And they are not all so insensible to better motives as you may think. They remember the time when they climbed into the same apple-tree, and swam in the same brook; and they would think it a sin and a shame, knowing you were wronged, not to move to your assistance. Be patient, if you can; and we will all draw together. A time will come when a poor man may sell the labour of his hands and buy bread; and then you will be better. If you must go, you must; for a man must not be starved while he can get away. But if you can contrive to hold out, stand by the old house a little longer. Let your children be born where you were born yourselves; and see if you do not get access to that fine green world of corn-fields you are now shut out from. Be persuaded of one thing, that your opponents have just as much right to ask to have you shut out from it, as you have to ask that they shall grow no corn here;—that they have just as much right to request to have you prevented from selling the produce of your industry for corn, as you have to request to be allowed to take their parks and corn-fields because it might be convenient to you. Do not go away; the thing cannot last;—it is by many degrees too bad."—Vol. IV., p. 572. *Catechism on the Corn Laws*.

COST OF THE CORN LAW.

"It occurs to me that the magnitude of the loss arising from the Bread Tax, is a thing scarcely capable of being reduced to numerical calculation. What would be the numerical amount of the loss arising to a man from cutting off his four limbs in his infancy? Who can tell? It must depend upon knowing what he could have earned, and what he could have done if he had been let alone. The smallest part of the evil of the Corn Laws, is what is measured by the extra price given for the bread eaten and the tax paid; the grand loss, to which the other is as nothing, is of the bread that is never eaten and never earned. The only substantial approach to a measure of the evil, seems to be this. It is the difference between the value of the whole industrial produce of the country in a free market, and the value of the agricultural by itself. Or it is the difference between the value of the estates of those whose wealth lies beneath the soil or on the water, and of those whose estates lie on the surface which grows corn. All the difference, is confiscated at the command of the owners of the soil, and a fraction of it applied to their own gain: while

the remainder, being the difference between what the landlords facetiously call the 'home trade' and the trade of the world at large which is cut off, is thrown into the sea for the good of nobody. Every man who has either formed industrial establishments for himself, or received them from his predecessors, suffers confiscation; and tamely allows the plunderers to run about applying the same term to anything that threatens the loss of their iniquity."—Vol. VI., p. 57. *Leicester Vire Mercury*.

"Our commercial policy is a mass of confluent frauds; by which everybody robs everybody, and throws half the booty into the sea. But they all yield in individual importance to the master pustule, which is the *Corn* fraud. By this, a gross sum of twelve millions and a half per annum is thrown away, in order that a certain other sum, amounting probably to five millions, may be taken from the men who work for it, and given to the landlords whose first principle of law, physic, and divinity, is not to work at all. In other words, *seventeen millions* a-year are torn from the mouths of the suffering manufacturer and his starving children, in order that *five millions* of it may find their way into the pockets of a dishonest and tyrannical class who have got a law that nobody but a landowner shall be in parliament. When pressed upon the point, they bully and appeal to their humanity and charity. The charity is easily defined;—they take with a bucket and give with a spoon. They take seventeen millions a-year out of the pockets of the industrious and the poor, and urge in return that they sometimes give a crown to an old woman at Christmas."—Vol. II., p. 398. *W. R.*, 1 April, 1833.

THE DANGER OF THE CORN LAW.

"There certainly has been no instance in history, where two-thirds of a population, not avowedly slaves and under physical restraint accordingly, have submitted to such an infliction, to please the remaining third. The process will be brief, and ought to be. Either the fundholders and the church will join with the commercial interests and the rest of the public in putting down the enormity by legislation; or their possessions will be taken in the first instance either by the operation of legislation or otherwise, and afterwards will begin the attack on all property, hard enough upon the innocent, but the inevitable consequence of the prodigious provocation. The outrageous injustice of the landlords is the key to the public danger, the spigot that confines the fermenting

contents of the national beer-barrel, which must speedily burst if not relieved. If this were taken away, not all at once but by a moderately rapid progression, the debt and taxation would be made a flea-bite, not by removing them, but by increasing the ability to bear them, which comes to the same thing. The public irritation would fall, as the fierceness of a den of hungry savages might be lulled by the application of joints of meat; and there would be a great calm. It seems impossible that before the mischief goes much further, a government should not arise, possessing about as much prudence and decision as might be competent to the regulation of a regimental hospital, and, by speaking the truth and rallying the parties concerned, cut off the progress of the evil by cutting off its source."—Vol. II., p. 274, *W. R.*, 1 Oct., 1832.

JACOBINISM OF THE RICH.

"The origin and foundation of property, is labour. The proposal to keep up rent by restrictions virtually includes the essence of personal slavery; which consists in obliging one man to labour for the benefit of another without an equivalent. The landlords may have a property in their honest rent; but they have not a property in the power of adding to it by violence."—Vol. IV., p. 514. *Catechism on the Corn Laws*.

"The poor ought to have corn at the cheapest for which it can be got; and if they have not, they are to blame if they are satisfied.

"If the poor were to tell the rich, that they ought to have a 'reasonable' income, as, for instance, one or two hundred a year, and if they had this they ought to be satisfied,—and they, the poor, would take the difference; it would be pronounced to be clean *jacobinism* and spoliation. The poor have as much right to do this, as the rich man has to tell the poor that sixty shillings is a 'reasonable' price for his quarter of corn, and therefore the rich will take the difference. Much has been said of the *jacobinism* of the poor against the rich, but very little of the *jacobinism* of the rich against the poor;—though one is only matter of speculation and alarm, and the other meets every man three times a-day when he sits down to eat."—Vol. IV., p. 527. *Catechism on the Corn Laws*.

PROTECTION.—"Protection' is forcing people to buy the work of a man with one arm. It is saying to other people, 'You shall not have the thing in the way you may have it best and cheapest, but it

shall be artificially produced in some way that is worse. I am a man with one arm, in comparison of others you might have it from; and you shall pay me for working with one arm; and if we had one arm all round it would be so much the better for us all."—Vol. II., p. 362. *W. R.*, 1 Jan., 1833.

BANKRUPTCY.—"Bankruptcy is the check to the indefinite multiplication of traders, as the evils arising from diminished food are the check to that of the inferior classes of labourers. Both take place where they do, in consequence of the limitation of commerce; and the engine of the limitation is the Corn laws. He that was in the *Gazette* yesterday, came there by the Corn Laws."—*Ibid.*

STARVATION.—"It is certain the weakest will fail; but whether they were weak or not, somebody must fail. The case is like that of a hundred prisoners, among whom there should be thrown half enough for their daily food. The weakest will be those who starve; but whether they were weak or not, somebody must starve."—*Ibid.*

HYPOCRISY OF THE FACTORY CRY.

"The appeal to 'humane and Christian feeling,' and all the tropes therewith connected, may be disposed of by the statement that the appealers created, and at this hour sustain, the evils they complain of. They have interdicted the industry of the poor; and then attach the consequences to those who oppose the attempt to relieve one sufferer by the privation of another. If a shipmaster had conveyed his crew and passengers to a month's sail from any land, with a week's provision left on board, and then instead of steering towards any port, should 'do the pathetic' on the sorrows of one part of his innater, and the cruelty of not assisting them by taking from the portions of some other,—he would present the express image of such humanity and such Christianity. It would not be that there was not suffering, and that humanity did not desire to relieve it; but that the mode proposed was, like the Factory Bill, a fraud got up by the authors of the general misery, having in view the preservation and increase of that misery, through the instrumentality of the dupes who should be induced to cry out for the removal of the minor evil to the perpetuation of the greater."—Vol. II., p. 472. *W. R.*, 1 Oct., 1833.

"One word of advice may be not unreasonable. Take care not to be deceived by

the stratagems of the enemy. Let no man, for instance, unless he has a tail or some other asinine appendage, be taken in by such a raw jest as the Factory Bill. A Tory club have cut us off from our trade,—made laws that we shall not sell the labour of our hands,—reduced us and ours to the bare possibility of keeping soul and body together by labour the most excessive and toil the most extravagant; and these very men shall come forward and tell us, *that if we will send them to parliament to support all this abuse,—to maintain the Corn Laws, and keep down all chance of being allowed to sell our goods abroad,—they will do, what?—pass a bill to prevent us from working our own children more than ten hours a-day. This is kind; this is benevolent; this is worth a man's going on his knees in the mud to thank them for. Get liberty to buy and sell, ye Issachars, ye asses couching between two burdens; and then your children may live by your labour, without leave from those who starve you. If negro slaves did anything so absurd, the world would say, how debasing the effects of slavery! Feel every man for a tail, who talks of such a thing. Time was, a Yorkshireman might walk abroad, with some consciousness of being supposed as knowing as his neighbours. If fooleries of this kind go on, Gotham will be put in Schedule A, and the representation of unreason transferred into the West Riding.*"—Vol. II., p. 236. *W. R.*, 1 July, 1832.

"The truth is that we must wait till hunger brings our people to their colours, and some time or other we shall have a fair stand-up fight to know whether we are to continue to be the born thralls of the owners of the soil or not. Our Saxon ancestors wore it written on a ring about their necks; we wear it in an Act of Parliament. But we are a long way from the time yet; there must be thousands more of bankruptcies, and myriads of the wives and children of the working classes must die of hunger or overwork in factories, that a greater quantity of the produce of their industry may be given to the landlords for a bushel of corn. We are in the state of raising statues to any Tory man who will offer to limit our working hours if we on our parts will assist him to keep up the oppression that creates the inducement to overwork; and half our people might be persuaded to turn against the individual who should tell them it was an invention of the enemy. But this will mend; misery and the progress of information will alter it. I look to the last, however, most. The working classes, at

least in these southern parts, have proved themselves unequal to the question. It will be when the capitalists and employers find out where they are hurt, that the real resistance will begin."—Vol. IV., p. 288. *Letters of a Representative*, 1 July, 1837.

THE WATER-LORDS—A SIMILE.

"Suppose, for argument's sake, that corn could be obtained for positively nothing, like water. There would be no more reason why the price of corn should be kept up for the advantage of the landlords, than why the price of water should be kept up for the advantage of men calling themselves water-lords,—by prohibiting streams and rivers, and forcing the public to buy the water of wells, from which, by dint of digging, water was obtained for half as many people as there otherwise might have been. If such an abuse was in existence, there might be reasons why it should be reduced gradually, but none why a fragment of it should finally be left.

"All the fallacies advanced in the case of corn might be repeated in such a case of water. The diligence of the water-lords to grub for the last pint, they would call improvement and zeal for the multiplication of water. They would descant on the capital they employed, and the industry they set in motion; and be pathetic on the fate of the well-digging population, if the government should restore the liberty of drink. They would assert that it was clear the country had been supplied; and if any complained that they were dying from want of water, they would tell them they were a superabundant population, and ought not to exist. They would declare that it would all be easy, if it was not for taxation; but as long as taxes were to be paid, it was impossible that water should be free."—Vol. IV., p. 515. *Catechism on the Corn Laws*.

"So far as the improvements in agriculture were the consequence of restrictions upon importation, they were only like the capital, skill, and perseverance which might be applied to digging wells, in consequence of prohibiting the water of rivers."—Vol. IV., p. 550. *Catechism on the Corn Laws*.

RECIPROCITY FALLACY.

"Reciprocity is having two good things, instead of one. But if we cannot have both the good things, it is no reason why we should reject the one we may have. The fraud of 'reciprocity,' therefore, is like saying, 'Don't take the half-crown you may, unless somebody will give you another for taking it.'

"The first government that will fearlessly announce that it is not to be fooled by the fallacy of 'reciprocity,' will pull down commercial restrictions all over the world."—Vol. IV., p. 495. *Catechism on the Corn Laws*.

"When the draper buys bread, it may be very well if he can persuade the baker to buy clothes from him in turn. But if he cannot, it would be great folly to fancy he must be ruined unless he refuses to buy bread.

"The Americans make a foolish tariff by which they allow one half of their people to rob the other, with a general loss equal to the difference in question besides. But that is no reason why England should do an equally foolish thing in reply. If an American chuses to put out one of his eyes, there is no necessity for an Englishman's doing the same for reciprocity."—Vol. IV., p. 495. *Catechism on the Corn Laws*.

EXCHANGE.

"Two things are necessary to the completion of an act of commerce; first, that we should have what others want; secondly, that we should be at liberty to receive what they can afford to pay in, and it will be worth our while to take.

"A merchant in the actual state of things can afford to sell a piece of Leeds or Manchester goods in Prussia or Poland for a hundred crowns. If he could afford to take eighty, he might sell two pieces where he now sells one. If he was allowed to lay out the eighty crowns in corn, and bring it to England to a free market, he could sell the corn for as much as would give him a profit on the whole; and consequently he would accept the eighty crowns, and sell two pieces instead of one, and get two profits for himself, and give two profits to the manufacturers. He is restrained from selling the corn; and therefore he is restrained from doing all the rest."—Vol. IV., p. 523. *Catechism on the Corn Laws*.

"When a manufacturer produces goods and exchanges them abroad for corn, he may as truly be said to produce the corn, as if it came out of his loom or his flattening-mill. And if he is prohibited from doing this, it is his production that in reality is stopped."—Vol. IV., p. 481. *Catechism on the Corn Laws*.

HOME MARKET.—"I hold to my advice, to beware of talking nonsense about a 'home market.' The good market is the market

that gives most. Get the value of twenty shillings for your Leeds cloth abroad, and you are directly to be asked, what you have done with the market that would have given you fifteen at home. If the home market is to be the best, let it prove it."—Vol. V., p. 20. *Leeds Times*.

MACHINERY.

"On the subject of Machinery, it may be sufficient here to say, that if a prize had been proposed to the inventor of the surest, most constantly and universally acting encouragement to the multiplication of machinery, it must have been awarded to the man who devised the Corn Laws.

"Every master manufacturer who has a chance of selling his goods abroad, has a bale of his goods set before him and is told, 'You shall not compete with the foreigner, without paying a tax to the landlords first. If you grumble, take it out of the wages of your operatives. And when you cannot do that any longer, sit down and invent machinery.' Thus the landlords hold out a premium on machinery, and the operatives appear to like to have it so. The master manufacturer is driven into a corner between the loss of his trade, and inventing machinery to help to pay the demands of the landlords; and the operative is driven into a corner between starving, and making any improvement in the powers of machinery which he can get a few pounds or shillings by selling; and by the combination of the two, machinery is carried to the highest pitch that necessity, which is the mother of invention, can devise. Surely there wants no further asking, where machinery comes from; and small hope there is of its receiving any check, while the law is thus directed to force its employment, with the power of a perpetual screw, into every corner capable of receiving it.

"But the practical question for the operatives after all, appears to be, whether because they consider themselves injured by machinery, they will try to mend it by prohibiting the sale of the things made. Their complaint is, that too many things are made and too easily; if the demand could be caused to keep pace with the increase of things produced, they would be where they were, but it does not. The conclusion therefore come to, is that they will stop such demand as there is. Or if it is not this, it is the next thing to it; which is, that they will not bestir themselves to oppose."—Vol. VI., p. 57. *Leicestershire Mercury*.

"There would be no suffering from machinery, if the trade in food was free; but

on the contrary great benefit. The cause of the suffering, therefore, is not machinery, but the refusal to allow the produce to be exchanged for food.

"That the use of machinery is detrimental in the long run to the manufacturing labourers, is an error which they ought to out-grow. Compare, for example, the extent of the stocking trade in the time of Queen Elizabeth,—when silk stockings were made with men's fingers and sold for their weight in gold,—with its present state; and ask the five thousand labouring silk stocking weavers, whether they would wish to see the trade reduced to what it was then. All the difference has been caused by machinery.

"Experience has proved, that when the production of any commodity is facilitated by machinery, the increase of consumption consequent on the reduction of price, in a state of freedom and under the existing circumstances of the world in respect of the desire to consume, is such as in the end to increase the demand for labour in the production of that particular commodity. If power looms could bring down the price of broad cloth to a shilling a yard, and the corn of foreigners might be taken from them in return,—so many people in different parts of the world would wear broad cloth who now do not, that there would be more employment for makers of broad cloth in the end than ever. If men cannot exchange the cloth because the agriculturists will not let them, the case is certainly altered. But then the fault is not in the machinery."—Vol. IV., p. 508. *Catechism on the Corn Laws*.

"The English manufacturer has a right to have the advantage of his machinery, and all the advantage. Instead of which, the agriculturist thinks he is doing a gracious act, if he leaves the manufacturer enough to place him on what the agriculturist is pleased to consider equal terms with foreigners, and puts the rest into his own pocket."—Vol. IV., p. 569. *Catechism on the Corn Laws*.

"Machinery then, like the rain of heaven, is a present blessing to all concerned, provided it comes down by drops, and not by tons together; and anything which prevents its free and expanded operation, has an effect of the same kind as would be produced if the rain should be collected into water-spouts. It remains therefore to be seen, what laws and human institutions have done towards securing the free diffusion of the advantages derivable from God's gift of ingenuity to man. And here the first thing apparent in our own

country is, that the aristocracy have made a law, that no use shall be derived from it at all. They have determined by Act of Parliament, that men may invent as many machines as they think proper, but shall not be allowed to sell the produce; or which comes to the same thing, shall not be allowed to sell for what is wanted in return. The whole misery about machinery,—every atom and fragment of suffering, alarm, and wretchedness directly or indirectly consequent thereon,—is the pure and necessary result of the gross fraud and half-witted idiotic cruelty perpetrated by the majority of the landlords upon the rest of their own order and of the community.”—Vol. I., p. 356. *Westminster Review*, 1 Jan., 1831.

MANUFACTURERS.—“A common charge against manufactures is, that they contract the faculties of the labourer. One equally useful when occasion suits, is that the manufacturing labourers are too knowing. The manufacturers are the Helotes of society; but their day will some time come.”—Vol. II., p. 23. *W. R.*, 1 Jan., 1832.

—“The sufferings of the manufacturers show themselves by fits, like an ague. But an ague may be a permanent evil, and have a permanent cause.”—Vol. IV., p. 509. *Catechism on the Corn Laws*.

MUTUAL DEPENDENCE.

“Does any mystery of nature conceal the fact, that different countries have been created under such circumstances as make it practically impossible, that a partial failure in the harvests of one should not be remediable by communication with the others, if man, in the wisdom of his absurdity, could be persuaded not to stand by to prevent? And is it not plain, that the suffering to one country, would be balanced by a corresponding profit to the other; and thus, as nature presented the cup of suffering and of profit to each by turns, the movement of the great machine would be kept up with the least practicable aggregate of human evil?”—Vol. II., p. 160. *W. R.*, 1 April, 1832.

“Experience proves, that it is not the improved and manufacturing nation, but the growers of rude produce, that are the dependents. Thus England can do without the trade with Russia, better than Russia without the trade with England. When the Czar attempted to stop the supply of naval stores, he was off his throne in an instant. And ten years afterwards, the inability of the Russian government to enforce the execution of a treaty in opposition to the com-

mercial dependence of Russia upon England, was the cause of the ruin of Napoleon.”—Vol. IV., p. 564. *Catechism on the Corn Laws*.

“There is no more evidence that nature intended every man to be fed by the land he lives on, when she has made provision for his being fed better by the produce of some other,—than that she intended every man to use no iron but what was dug in his own back garden. It is a baseless effort to cut men off from mutual assistance and the division of labour, for the advantage of a few monopolists.”—Vol. IV., p. 574. *Catechism on the Corn Laws*.

ROBBING ONE ANOTHER.

“What the landowners really say, is, ‘Let us rob you all, and then you shall rob one another.’ This is the bargain they offer; and the manufacturers swallow it open-mouthed.

“Of all the petitioners upon this subject, the men of Stroud appear to be the wisest; for they petitioned, that all the monopolies of the manufacturers might be taken away, on condition that the great monopoly of all went along with them. How the men of Stroud came by their wisdom, those who know them can best tell; but it is clear they are wise in their generation.

“The amusing part of the proposed fraud is, that we are all to get rich by robbing one another. The leader of the administration himself does not pretend to believe it. He knows full well, that the plan is as stupid as it would be to attempt to double the strength of an army by doubling each battalion in turn by drafts from the others. Nobody believes it but idiots. Rogues pretend to believe it, that they may feather their own nests.”—Vol. IV., p. 496. *Catechism on the Corn Laws*. (This part was written during the administration of the Duke of Wellington.

THE CORN LAW A QUESTION OF RENT.

“The landlords, by the exercise of their power in the legislature, lay a tax to keep out foreign corn. Their undisguised object in this is to raise their rents; for whether there be reason in the various excuses they offer for it or not, they do not deny that they do it to raise their rents. And their rents are raised accordingly; that is to say, in the contracts which they offer to the competition of the farmers, the bidders, knowing that more money will come in, offer more for the contract. If the tolls on a given road were made twopence for a horse in-

stead of a penny, and other things in proportion on the same principle, the turnpike-men would increase their biddings. The landlords then, having got out of the farmers by competition the highest biddings they can afford, next set the farmers to cry out, that they want nothing but what will enable them to pay. In the same manner if there were a proposal for lowering the tolls on a turnpike-road, the turnpike-men might be set to cry out, that they wanted nothing but what would enable them to pay, and nobody could be so hard-hearted as to refuse the twopence for his horse.

"If the turnpike-men set up this plea, they would be told immediately they must go and amend their contracts;—that their having jobbed the road, might be a reason for giving them a fair time to renew, but if they should have been absurd enough to enter into contracts for seven years or for ninety-nine, this would form no reason why the tolls should go on without diminution to pleasure them. A case might even possibly arise, for legislative interference between the contractors and the lessors of the road; but the last thing any man could make out of the matter, would be a reason why the high tolls should be continued.

"In the same manner the farmers must not be allowed to be pushed forward, as the people whom we must support at the expense of paying a high price of corn because they bargained for it. Like the turnpike-men, they must go and bargain for less. Or if by their own incaution they have hampered themselves with leases, they must take it for their pains. Nobody has a right to lease out the public wrong, and expect the wrong to be continued in consequence of his contract. The landlord pockets all that the farmers can by competition be induced to spare; and he would do just the same, if the price were carried to any imaginable height. If the monopoly of corn were enforced and men multiplied, till they were glad to pay for growing corn upon flag-stones, and of course the rent upon all that was better than flag-stones was of enormous height,—the landlords would as much as ever be found sending the farmers round with the begging-box, on the plea that they wanted nothing but a remunerating price,—that is to say the price which would pay them for growing corn upon flag-stones, they having at the same time bargained with the landowners for making over all the excess that should accrue upon the better lands, in the shape of rent. Rent is the difference between the total value of the produce of land, and what the farmer

can cultivate it for with a living profit. If, therefore, there is land of all sorts of qualities, as in most countries is the case, the worst land cultivated will be that which will give the farmer's profit but no more, and in all the better lands the excess above this will be the rent. Hence the pretence that the farmer only wants what will pay him, is an ever-growing claim,—a claim which if corn were raised to a guinea a peck, would be as strong as ever in favour of its being two,—a claim which like the shoe to a wagon-wheel, is dragged along with the wheel, and is just as much there as ever, whatever progress may have been made.

The farmers are beginning to understand this, and to know that, with the exception of a portion of trouble they might have about their leases, they have no direct interest in keeping corn at a monopoly price; for the simple reason, that it is the landlords, and not they, that take the difference."—Vol. V., p. 413. *Suffolk Chronicle*.

THE FAIR PRICE OF CORN.

"The price of corn ought to be, what men will voluntarily give for it in the absence of restrictions. No trader has a right to say his goods shall be bought from him at a certain price whether the buyer wants them or not. If one trader has the right, another has; and where would be the end?

"A fair remunerating price is what other men will voluntarily give. It is the dealer's business to see that the supply is accommodated to the demand; not to use violence to make the demand equal to the supply."—Vol. IV. p. 527. *Catechism on the Corn Laws*.

"The landlords' theory of remunerating price is a bottomless pit. When they talk of their barely obtaining a remunerating price, they mean *on the worst land on which the present price makes it practicable to grow corn*. Hence they would equally be found talking of a remunerating price, if corn had risen to its weight in gold.

"Since, then, in every imaginable state of the supply there must be some land or other that is paying a barely remunerating price, this proves nothing with respect to the market being plentifully supplied, or the propriety of prohibiting foreign corn.

"They want to be paid with a profit, for growing corn on the sand above high-water mark if it suits them; and to have an equal price for all they grow elsewhere besides."—Vol. IV., p. 526. *Catechism on the Corn Laws*.

THE LANDLORDS' CASE.—"To say that the removal of restrictions would *reduce* the incomes of the land-owners, is at most only saying it would take away from them what they ought never to have had. And there still remains the question, of whether they would be any real losers in the end. *Is this clear enough to them, to go to war with the rest of the community?* It may be very possible for them to draw money from the public loss, and be no gainers after all; just as a pond may draw water from another pond, and lose more at some other end than it takes in. And this other end, is found in the impossibility of finding profitable employments for their sons, or marrying their daughters to the sons of other people who can do the same. A landlord is no gainer, though in spite of poor rates, he has £600 a year instead of £500, if the consequence is that he has eight sons and as many daughters to keep as miserable annuitants. This reason therefore applies to all except those who calculate on quartering their children on the public."—Vol. IV., p. 543. *Catechism on the Corn Laws.*

THE FARMERS' CASE.—"The Corn Laws got up a spirit of prosperity for farmers at their neighbours' expense, in the same manner as a spirit of prosperity for linen-draperies might be got up by an Act of Parliament that should prohibit the wearing of woollen coats. But that was seventeen years ago. The only consequence now left is, that there are perhaps five farmers where there would have been four, and that the five are much worse off than the four. If the five were as well off as the four, the farmers might plead that it would be all clear loss to go back again. But they are not; they suffer under all the difference that arises from the general state of the country being incomparably worse than formerly. Their children cannot all be farmers; and the Corn Laws have brought on a state of things where they can be nothing else. So sure as there is a Providence above, is it written that there shall be always ways in which those who wrong and defraud their neighbours shall in the end find out that they have made a rueful bargain."—Vol. II., p. 319. *W. R.*, 1 Oct., 1832.

FARMERS AND LABOURERS.—"The lamentable circumstance for the supporters of the corn law is, that little by little all their friends will be picked away from under them. The most feasible thing in the world, when information has taken a very few strides more, will be to convince the farmers and agricultural labourers, or an efficient portion of them, that they have

at all events no urgent interest in the continuance of the public wrong. They gained for a season when the mischief was brought on, but their share in the general suffering has long since eaten up the benefits. By the converse of the case, it may be undeniable that the return to justice will be attended with some present exacerbation of their condition, but with the prospect of overpowering improvement at no very remote period. This is not the most favourable position imaginable to invite men to resort to; but it is a position which there is no reason to despair of inducing a great number of intelligent individuals to resort to in the end. There will be a desertion, of at least a slackness, first among the farmers and agricultural labourers, next among those descriptions of landlords who are obliged to provide for their children in the world themselves, and have no hopes of quartering them on the public purse; and the end will be, that the remaining class of landlords with their few adherents, will have the honour of going to the bottom in a minority together."—Vol. II., p. 191. *W. R.*, 1 July, 1832.

MISTAKES OF THE MULTITUDE.—"Every man who chuses to run in the teeth of common justice and make himself the enemy of the multitudinous classes, must make up his mind to take the chance not only of what they may do right, but of what they may do wrong. There is no use in banditti being pathetic on the way in which they are sometimes treated when overpowered by the country-side, and getting up a tragedy upon the sufferings of felons tied on their backs in carts, and considerably over-twitched about the wrists by the premature application of a halter. A humane *brigadier* will hinder it when he can; but he will not see in the possibility that he may not always be able to hinder it, the smallest reason why the country should be given up to the heroes with high crowns and cross garters. It is by no means certain that the oppressed classes in England *will* be moderate, if the concession of justice be put off till the hour when it can no longer be withheld. But their friends and leaders are not therefore the frank asses that should exhort them to sit down in sufferance for fear their enemies should be hurt. Let all sides take care of themselves; *our* business is to put you down, at all events till you show something like a flag of truce. That the operatives are at present not going right;—that they are going the way which threatens more evil than is necessary to their enemies, without accomplishing the good they desire to themselves;

—may be what any man has a right to hold, who is enough of an engineer to know that to try to scramble over the walls is not always the nearest way to take the town. But because the Lord's host is going wrong, is not a reason why a man should abandon the Lord's host; still less why it should be agreed and settled, that the good cause is a thing to be delivered up into the hands of its enemies."—Vol. III., p. 75. *W. R.*, 1 April, 1834.

NO COMPROMISE.—"No man ever got anything by giving up his just right where he had power to enforce it. To give up a part to save the rest, is a perfectly different question; but the people have no occasion to give up a tittle here. They have only to understand the thing, and use the means; and first or last, their enemies must be at their feet. And whenever that happens, they will overturn the most cruel, dishonest, and insulting structure of human wrong, that with the exception of the West-Indian tyranny, has sullied the page of history. The landowners will call this, setting one part of society against another. Is not the New Police, setting one part of society against another? There is no use in mincing phrases; the people are trampled on by the rank and gross oppressions of an insolent order, who push their injustice to the cottage of the starving man and the bed-side of the dying, and feed their hounds on the blood and sinews of the industrious population. Two points are their law and their gospel; one, that they will not pay taxes and other people shall; the other, that fortunes shall be made for them at the expense of other people. All this they consider as their birth-right; and they turn like hunted wild beasts upon anybody who talks of taking it from them. The people have the legal and parliamentary means of relieving themselves, if they have union and sense."—Vol. II., p. 399. *W. R.*, 1 April, 1833.

HOW THE MONOPOLISTS BEHAVED FIVE YEARS AGO.

"On Thursday (18th March, 1837) Mr. Clay brought on his motion for an alteration in the Corn Laws. As soon as Mr. Clay had finished speaking, an agricultural member (Mr. Cayley) rose with the second-er, and endeavoured to stop proceedings by counting out the House. The number was found above forty, and the second-er went on. Their first movement having thus failed, the landowners mustered kin and clan, and finally came down to the number of above two hundred. The ordinary routine of a-thousand-times-answered fallacies

was put forward, and received as might be expected in an assembly where every man had made oath that he had a pecuniary interest in the question before him. At the instance of friends about me, I made repeated attempts to offer reply, as also to explain my reasons for not voting upon the actual question; but was unable to gain a hearing. Thank God, I have many better places! If I had been a jobber in a railroad or a dabbler in some monopoly, wishing to make a similar explanation, I should have been heard with reverential sympathy, to the extent that human organs could supply. Sir William Molesworth entered upon a demonstration of the mode of operation of the competition generated by the limitation of food, which was perfect in its way, but confined to a portion of the field. Mr. Hume was received with groans and hideous laughs when he attempted to open the case of that part of the community who have not three hundred pounds a year in land; and when he proceeded to connect the question with the New Poor Law, the sounds that issued from the landed benches had a touch of the New-Zealand-er.—Vol. VI., p. 227. *Letters of a Representative.*

AN IMAGINARY PICTURE OF THE STATE OF A COUNTRY UNDER A CORN LAW, DRAWN IN 1827, AND SINCE REALISED IN ENGLAND.

"In such a country there would be seen crowds of youths of the middle classes, attempting to maintain themselves in credit by industry, and only dispersing the accumulation of their fathers by a fatality that nothing could ward off; families lamenting the ruin of their hopes, and men looking on the faces of their children as pledges of coming sorrow instead of aid. In such a country there would be campaigns against starving manufacturers; and men who had fought nations' quarrels, would be called upon to finish the sufferings of dying artisans. There would be a law to determine that every legislator should be a landowner, and a class of laws to make the poor die quietly, and without disturbing the higher orders by their efforts to escape. To be found houseless would be made a crime; because he that has parted with his house, has manifestly not starved when he ought. To be detected with horse-flesh in a bag, would be punished with fine or imprisonment; because a man who descends to such disgusting methods to save life, is evidently making efforts unfair upon his fellows. In such a country there would be troops of

juvenile offenders in the towns; and regiments of poachers in the fields, living desperately on pheasant, because men are not permitted to buy bread. There would be 'distressed manufacturers,' and 'commercial crises,' and 'a general glut,' and 'depravity of the lower orders,' and 'apprehensions for property,' and 'fears for establishments,' and 'danger to social order,' and every man asking his neighbour how these evils had arisen. On one side would be seen the rich few, enjoying with trembling; and on the other, industrious and able-bodied men, dying because working would not support existence as it ought to do; women and children trodden down in the mass of suffering, and retiring into corners to die without resistance, as is their nature;—woe, and want, and wretchedness, and wrong,—and all this, that the squire's bitch hound might whelp in safety. If any legislators ever had a heavy responsibility, it would be those who tolerated such a state of things an hour after they had power to remove it. If any ever had a claim to the support of a grateful people, it would be those who ventured power and place, by resisting the demands of the encroaching order, and putting themselves upon their country for their deliverance.—Vol. IV., p. 476. *Introduction to Catechism on the Corn Laws, first published in 1827.*

THE NATURAL AND UNNATURAL SUFFERINGS OF THE PEOPLE.—DISTINCTION BETWEEN THEM.

"To the Editors of the Sheffield Iris.

"Sirs,—Too much can never be done, to impress in season and out of season, the images and feelings conveyed in the extract from your co-labourer of the *Leeds Times* in your paper of the 6th. But always weigh heaviest upon this point,—that the distress, the agony, the woe, are the results not of the natural concomitants of human life, but of a distinct organization of law to that effect made and provided, as the means of placing a greater portion of the labour of the poor at the command of the sworn interested law-makers.

"When we view the spectacles of misery so forcibly described, let us always summon the reflection, that these are not the consequences of the primeval curse which destined man to toil or worse suffering during his residence on earth; nor are they contained in the most undeniable of all assumptions, that 'the poor we shall have always with us.' They bear precisely the relation to these facts, which murder, wholesale or retail, does to the truth so gravely

cited by Justice Shallow, that 'death is certain to all.' There is a natural suffering, and there is an unnatural; there is one sorrow at the hands of Almighty God, and another sorrow of the landlords, and the proportions between the two are almost in the inverse ratio of the magnitude of the willers.

"To go over it again,—we are not grieving over the fact that every man, woman, and child, must at some time or other be brought with pain and lamentation to the grave. We are not rending our garments nor our hearts, because among the chances and changes of this mortal life, there must always be some who either through defect of conduct or of fortune, will find themselves disappointed in their plans for honest success, and be bound to submit to the ills of poverty, or the still greater ones of dependence on the charity of their fellows. But we are bowed to the earth with the thought, that in this country so full of piety which is of no use, and of knowledge which settles the anise and cummin of Greek accents and omits the weightier matters of the law, there should be a distinct organization by legislative enactment, regular, long-debated, premeditated, for raising and 'killing-off' a population of the poor, in order that as they come in succession like the grains of coffee to the grinders in the coffee-mill, a pleasant flavour from their destruction, like that which saluted the nostrils of Jupiter from a sacrifice, may meet the organs of the tyrants of the soil, in the shape of increased rents created out of the oppression of industry and commerce.

"It is not that such things are; it is that such things are done on purpose. It is that we have them done by regular human organization. God willed it not; the Devil did not think of it, or at all events there are no traces of it in his history. The mixture of darkness and evil which made up the intermediate thing called man, was the only hot-bed in which could be concocted such a fungus, as a legislative assembly administering an oath to an interest against the public, and being quietly allowed in the possession of its prey.

"London, April 10th, 1841."

—Vol. VI., p. 287.

"As an old dealer in these subjects, I would suggest to the Operatives at large, that the points on which clear views are most wanted among their class, and to which consequently their efforts should be directed, are the following:—

"1. That whenever anything is bought at a dearer market when it could have been

bought at a cheaper, the difference of price is lost to the consumer as if it was thrown into the sea, and without any the smallest gain or increase of employment or wages to working-men in the aggregate. The workman who is employed in the home monopoly may gain; but he takes it all out of the pocket, not only of the consumer, but of some other workman besides, whom the consumer would have employed by the expenditure of the difference.

"2. That this principle tells with horrible effect, when the consumer is *the working man*, and the article to be consumed is what he cannot live without, food.

"3. That the consequence of such a system is that there must be a perpetual *killing-off* of the population of the working classes, from the moment their numbers have begun to press against the food produced at home. If only a certain number are allowed to be fed, all the rest must be brought to the grinder in succession, like the grains of coffee in a coffee-mill. And the New Poor Law will be that mill.

"4. That for wages not to decrease under such a system, is a thing impossible; and he that says so, ought only to be laughed at, for he in fact says, that many people shall be fed out of the same food that would keep a few. Still more ought he who should say, that to remove present prohibitions on food would cause wages to fall; for it is saying that less shall be eaten out of much than out of a little.

"5. That the agricultural labourers are in the end brought to suffer, as much as the manufacturing. For as they have the same tendency to multiply, it is impossible they should not bid against each other for a limited quantity of food like the rest.

"6. That the mischief comes, by a process more or less roundabout, not only to all

who are engaged in the various professions and occupations of life which have no immediately apparent connexion with either agriculture or manufactures, but to the farmers, and even to the owners of land, with the exception of such as either are to have no children, like the Fellows of Colleges, or who have some patent for keeping them out of the public stock.

"*London, April 17th, 1841.*"

—Vol. VI., p. 301. *Sheffield Iris.*

"MERCHANTS OF HULL!"

"Why are there bankruptcies and failures among you?"

"Is it not because the trade to be divided is limited by law, while your numbers increase?"

"The trade is to be limited to what can be carried on in exchange for a given quantity of corn. Hence merchants bid against one another for taking lower profits, as the operatives for taking lower wages; and the weakest go to the wall.

"The country may possess commercial capabilities for the maintenance of ten times the merchants, and ten times the population of every kind. But all shall be cut down to the tenth; the population in the poor-house, and the merchants in the *Gazette*.

"Suppose that in old time, Tyre, Venice, or Genoa, had declared they would eat no corn but what was grown in their own territory. Where would the "MERCHANT QUEENS" of the Mediterranean have been?"

"You are told not to have trade, lest at some time it should be cut off. Would it not be as well not to have legs, for the same reason?"

"*Hull, June 23, 1841.*"

—Vol. VI., p. 386. *Election Proceedings.*

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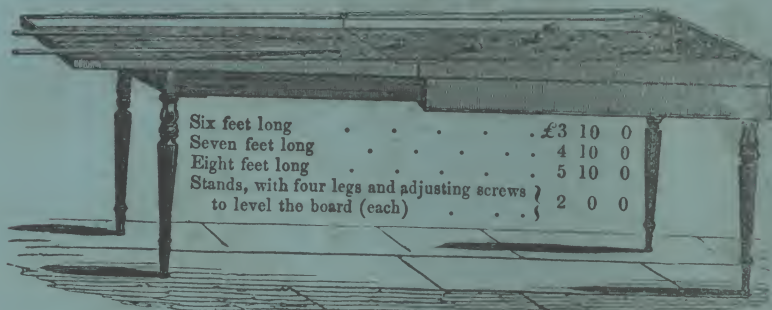
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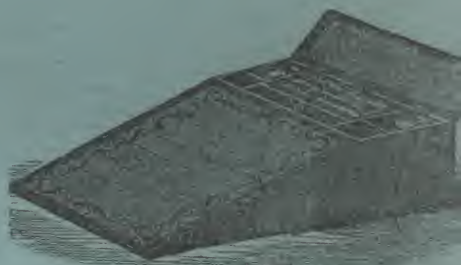


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